A Game at Chesse as It hath bine sundrey times Acted at The Globe on the Banck Side

Prologue.

VVHat of the Game, cald Cheſſe-play, can be made
To make a Stage-Play, ſhall this day be plaid.
Firſt, you ſhall ſee the men in order ſet,
States, and their Pawnes, when both the ſides are met:
The Houſes well diſtinguiſh't: In the Game
Some Men entrapt, and taken to their ſhame,
Rewarded by their Play: And in the Cloſe
You ſhall ſee Checque-Mate, giuen to Vertues Foes.
But the fair'ſt Iewell, that our hopes can decke,
Is, ſo to play our Game, t'awoid your Checke.

The Induction.

Enter Ignatius (diſcouering Errour ſleeping.)

Ignatius.

HAh? where? what Angle of the World is this,
That I can neither ſee the politicke face, (ſteps
Nor with my refind-Noſtrills, caſt the Foote-
Of any my Diſciples. Sonnes and Heires
As well of my *Deſignes*, as *Inſtitution*?
I thought they had ſpread ouer the world by this time,
Couered the Earths face and made darke the Land,
Like the *Egyptian Graſhoppers*:
Heer's too much light appeares, ſhot from the Eyes
Of *Truth* and *Goodneſſe* neuer yet deflowr'd,
Sure they were neuer here: then is their *Monarchie*
Vnperfect yet, a iuſt reward, I ſee
For their Ingratitude ſo long to mee
(Their *Father* and their *Founder*)
'Tis not fiue yeares ſince I was Sainted by 'em,
Where ſlept mine honour, all the Time before?
Could they be ſo forgetfull to Cannonze
Their proſperous *Inſtitutor?* when they had Sainted mee
They found no Roome in all their *Kalender*
To place my Name, that ſhould haue remou'd Princes,
Pull'd the moſt eminent *Prelates* by the Rootes vp
For my deere comming to make way for mee,
Let euery petty *Martyre*, and Saint *Homilie*,
Roch, *Maine*, and *Petronell*, *Itch* and Ague-Curers,

Your Abbeſſe Aldegund and Cunigund,
The widow Alarcell, Parſon Policarpe,
Sicelie, and *Vrſula*, all take place of mee,
And but for the Bis-ſextile, or Leape-yeare,
(And thats but one in three) I fall by chance
Into the Nine and twentieth day of *February*
There were no roome elſe for mee; See their loue,
(Their Conſcience too) to thruſt mee a lame Soldier
Into Leape-yeare, My wrath's vp, and me thinkes
I could, with the firſt Sillable of my Name,
Blow vp their Colledges: vp *Error*, wake
Father of *Supereregation*, Riſe
It is *Ignatius* calls thee *Loyola*.

Er. What haue you done?
Oh I could ſleepe in Ignorance
Immortally, the Slumber is ſo pleaſing
I ſaw the braueſt Setting for a Game now
That euer myne Eie fix'd on.

Ig. What Game pree-thee?

Er. The Nobleſt Game of all: a Game at *Cheſſe*,
Betwixt our ſide and the White-Houſe: the Men ſet,
In their iuſt Order ready to goe to't.

Ig. Were any of my Sonnes plac'd for the Game?

Er. Yes and a Daughter too (a Secular Daughter)
That playes the Blacke Queenes Pawne,
He the Blacke Biſhops.

Ig. If euer Powre could ſhew a Maiſtery in thee
Let it appeare in this.

Er. 'Tis but a Dreame,
A Viſion, you muſt thinke.

Ig. I care not what,
So I could behold the Children of my Cunning.—*Muſick.*
And ſee what ranke they keepe.

Enter

Enter ſeuerally in order of Game, the White and Blacke-Houſes.

Er. You haue your wiſh,
Behold, there's the full number of the Game,
Kings & their *Pawnes*, *Queenes*, *Biſhops*, *Knights* and *Dukes*
Ig. Dukes? they are call'd Rookes by ſome.
Er. Corruptedly.
Le Roc the word Cuſtode *de la-Roche*
The Keeper of the Forts, in whom both Kings
Repoſe much confidence: And for their truſt-ſake,
Courage and worth, doe well deſerue thoſe titles.
Ig. The Anſwer's high: I ſee my Son and Daughters.
Er. Thoſe are two Pawnes,
The Black Queenes and the Biſhops.
Ig. Pawnes argue but poore Spirits & ſlight preferments,
Nor worthy of the name of my Diſciples,
If I had ſtood ſo nigh, I would haue cut
That Biſhops throat, but Ill'd haue had his place,
And told the Queene a Loue-tale in her eare,
Would make her beſt Pulſe daunce: ther's no Elixar
Of Braine or Spirit amongſt 'em.
Er. Why? would you haue them play againſt themſelues,
That's quight againſt the Rule of Game (*Ignatius.*)
Ig. Piſh, I would rule my ſelfe: not obſerue Rule.
Er. Why then you'd play a Game, all by your ſelfe?
Ig. I would doe any thing to rule alone,
Tis rare to haue the world reign'd in by me.
Er. See 'em anon, and marke 'em in their Play,
Obſerue (as in a Daunce) they glide away.
Ig. Oh with what longings will this breaſt, be toſt
Vntill I ſee this great Game, wonne and loſt?

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Primus

Scena Prima.

Enter ſeuerally, White Queenes Pawne, and Blacke-Queenes Pawne.

Bl. Q. P. I Nere ſee that face but my pitty riſes
When I behold ſo cleere a Maſter peece,
Of heau's Art, wrought out of duſt & aſhes,
And at next thought to giue her loſt eternaly
(In being not ours, but the *Daughter of Hereſie*,
My Soule bleeds at mine Eies:
Wh. Q. P. Where ſhould *Truth* ſpeake
If not in ſuch a ſorrow? they are teares plainely,
Be ſhrew mee if ſhe wept not hartily.
What is my peace to her, to take ſuch paines in't?
If I wander to loſſe, and with broad Eies?
Yet miſſe the path; ſhee can run blind-fold in
(Through often exerciſe) why ſhould my ouer-ſight
Though in the beſt *Game*, that ere Chriſtian loſt
Raiſe the leaſt Spring of pitty in her Eies?
Tis (Doubtles) a great Charity and no vertue
Could win mee further.
Bl. Q. P. Bleſſed things preuaile with't,
If euer goodnes made a gracious promiſe,
It is in yonder looke: what little paines,
Would build a fort for *Vertue* to all Memorie,
In that ſweet Creature; were the Ground-worke firme?
Wh. Q. P. It hath ben all my glory to be firme,
In what I haue profeſſ'd.
Bl. Q. P. That is the enimy,

that

That ſteales your ſtrength away, and fights againſt you.
This Armes your Soule, euen in the heate of Battaile,
Your firmnes that way maks you more infirme,
For the right Chriſtian Conflict there I ſpide
A zealous primatiue Sparcle, but now flew
From your deuoted Eye, able to blow vp all Hereſies
That euer ſate in Counſell with your Spirit, *Enter Bl.*
And here comes he, whoſe ſanctimonious breath *Bl. Pa.*
Will make that Sparke a Flame; Liſt to him (Virgin)
At whoſe firſt entrance, Princes will fall proſtrate.
Women are weaker veſſells,
Wh. Q. P. By my penitence
A comely preſentation; and the habit
To Admiration, reuerend.
Bl. Q. P. But the heart (Lady)
So meeke, that as you ſee good Charity pictur'd ſtill
With young-ones in her Armes, ſo will he cheriſh
All his young-tractable, ſweete obedient Daughters
Euen in his boſome: (in his owne deare boſome)
I am my ſelfe a Seculer Ieſuite
As many Ladies are of wealth, and greatneſſe;
A ſecond ſort, are Ieſuites, in *voto*
Giuing their vow, into their Father-Generall
(Thats the *Black Biſhop* of our Houſe, whoſe Pawne
This Gentleman now ſtands for)
To receiue the Colledge-habit, at his holy pleaſure.
Wh. Q. P. But how are thoſe in *voto*, imployd (Lady)
Till they receiue the habite?
Bl. Q. P. They are not idle;
He finds them all true Labourers in the worke
Of the Vniuerſall Monarchie; which he
And his Diſciples principally aime at:
Thoſe are maintaind in many Courts, and Pallaces,
And are induc'd by'th Noble Perſonages,
Into Great Princes ſeruices; and proue
Some Councellors of State, ſome Secretaries;

All seruing in Notes of Intelligence,
(As Parish Clarkes, their Mortuary Bills)
To'th Father-generall; So are Designes
Oft times preuented, and importune secrets
Of States discouered; yet no Author found,
But they suspected oft, that are most sound,
This mysterie is too deepe yet, for your entrance,
And I offend to set your zeale so backe;
Ceeck'd by obedience, with desire to hasten
Your Progresse to perfection, I commit you
To the great workers hands; to whose graue worth
I fit my Reuerence, as to you, my wishes.

Bl. Bs P. Doe you finde her supple?

Bl. Q P. There is a little passage. —— *Exit.*

Bl. Bs P. Let me contemplate
With holy wonder, season my accesse,
And by degrees, approach the Sanctuary
Of vnmatch'd Beauty, set in Grace, and Goodnesse
Amongst the Daughters of Men, I haue not found
A more Catholicall Aspect: That Eie
Doth promise single life, and meeke obedience,
Vpon those Lipes, the sweete fresh buds of youth)
The holy dewe of Prayer, lyes like Pearle
(Dropt from the opening Eye-lids of the Morne
Vpon the bashfull Rose) how beautiously
A gentle Fast (not rigorously impos'd)
Would looke vpon that cheeke? and how delightfully
The curteous Phincke of a tender Penance,
Whose vtmost cruelty, should not exceed
The first feare of a Bride, to beate downe frailetie,
Would work, to sound health your long festerd iudgmẽt,
And make your merit (which through erring Ignorance
Appeares but spotted Righteousnesse to me)
Farre clearer then the Innocence of Infants?

Wh. Q P. To that good worke I bow and will become
Obedience humblest Daughter, since I finde

Th'aſsiſtance of a Sacred ſtrength, to aide me,
The labour is as eaſie to ſerue, Vertue
The right way, ſince, 'tis ſhe, I euer ſerud
In my Deſire, though I tranſgreſſd in Iudgement.
Bl.Bs.P. Thats eaſily abſolu'd amongſt the reſt:
You ſhall not finde the Vertue, that you ſerue now
A ſharpe, and cruell Miſtris: her Eare's open
To all your Supplications: you may boldly
And ſafely, let in the moſt ſecret ſinne
Into her Knowledge; which (like vaniſht Mag)
Neuer returnes into the world agen.
Fate locks not vp more trulyer.
Wh.Q.P. To the guilty
That may appeare ſome benefit.
Bl.Bs.paw. Who's ſo innocent
That neuer ſtands in need ont, in ſome kinde?
If euery thought were blab'd thats ſo confeſ'd,
The very Aire we breath, would be vnbleſ'd:
Now, to the worke indeed: which is to catch
Her Inclination: that's the ſpeciall vſe
We make of all our practiſe, in all Kingdomes,
For, by diſcloſing their moſt ſecret Frailties,
Thinges, which once ours; they muſt not hide from vs,
That's the firſt Article in the Creed we teach 'em;
Finding to what point their blood moſt inclines,
Know beſt to apt them, then to our Deſignes:
Daughter; the ſooner you diſperſe your Errours,
The ſooner you make haſte to your Recouery,
You muſt part with 'em: to be nice, or modeſt
Towards this good Action, is to imitate
The baſhfulneſſe of one conceales an vlcer,
For the vncomely parts the Tumor vexes
Till't be paſt cure; Reſolue you thus farre (Ladie)
The priuat'ſt Thought, that runs to hide it ſelfe
In the moſt ſecret Corner of your heart,
Now muſt be of my acquaintance, ſo familiarly

Neuer She-Frend of your Night Counsels nearer.
Wh. Q. P. I ſtand not much in feare of any Action
Guilty of that blacke Time (moſt Noble Holineſſe)
I muſt confeſſe, as in a Sacred Temple
Throng'd with an Auditory, ſome come rather
To feede on humaine Obiect, then to taſt (thoughts
Of Angels foode; So, in the Congregation of quicke
(Which are more infinite then ſuch Aſſemblies)
I cannot (with Truths ſafety) ſpeake for all:
Some haue bin wanderers, ſome found, ſome ſinfull,
But thoſe found euer but poore entertainement,
They had ſmall encouragement to come againe;
The ſingle life, which ſtrongly I profeſſe now,
(Heauen pardon me) I was about to part from.
Bl. Bs. P. Then you haue paſſ'd through Loue?
Wh. Q. P. But left no ſtaine
In all my paſſage (Sir) no print of wrong.
For the moſt chaſt Maid, that may trace my Foote-ſteps.
Bl. Bs. P. How came you of ſo cleere?
Wh. Q. P. I was diſcharg'd
By an inhumaine Accident (which Modeſtie
Forbids me to put any Language to)
Bl. Bs. P. How you forget your ſelfe: All Actions
Cal'd in their proper Language, though moſt ſordid,
My Eare is bound, by dutie, to let in
And locke vp euerlaſtingly. Shall I helpe you?
He was not found to anſwer his Creation?
A Veſtall Virgin, in a ſlip of grace
Could not deliuer Mans loſſe modeſtlier;
'Twas the *White Biſhops Pawne.*
Wh. Q. P. The ſame (bleſſed Sir)
Bl. Bs. P. An Heretique well pickll'd.
Wh. Q. P. By baſe Treachery,
And violence, prepard by his Competitors,
(The *Blacke Knights Pawne* whom I ſhall euer hate for't.
Bl. Bs. P. 'Twas of Reuenges, the vnmanlieſt way

That

That euer Riuall tooke: a villany,
That for your sake Ile nere absolue him of.
Wh.Q.P. I wish it not so heauy.
Bl.Q.P. Hee must feele it.
I neuer yet gaue Absolution
To any crime of that vnmanning nature.
It seemes then, you refus'd him for defect?
Therein you stand not pure from the desire
That other women haue, in ends of Marriage?
Pardon my boldnesse, if I sift your goodnesse
To the last graine.
Wh.Q.P. I reuerence your paines (Sir)
And must acknowledge Custome to enioy
What other women challenge, and possesse,
More rull'd me, then desire: for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and Ile neuer wish
To know that fond way may redeeme 'em thence.
Bl.B.P. I neuer was so taken; beset doubly
Now with her Iudgement, what a strength it puts forth,
I bring worke neerer to you; when you haue seene
A Master-piece of Man, compos'd by Heauen,
For a great Princes fauour, Kingdomes loue,
So exact, Enuy could not find a place
To sticke a blot on Person, or on Fame.
Haue you not found Ambition swell your wish then,
And Desire stirre your blood?
Wh.Q.P. By vertue, neuer:
I haue onely in the dignitie of the Creature,
Admir'd the Makers glory.
Bl.B.P. Shee's impregnable;
A second siege, must not fall off so tamely:
Shee's one of those must be inform'd to know
A Daughters duetie, which some take vntaught:
Her modestie brings her behind-hand much:
My old meanes I must fly to: (yes 'tis it)
Please you peruse this small Tract of Obedience?

Twill helpe you forward well. *Enter Wh. Bish. Paw.*

Wh. Q. P. Sir, that's a vertue
I haue euer thought on with a speciall reuerence.

Bl. B. pa. You wil conceiue by that my powre, your duty.

Wh. Q. P. The knowledge will be precious of both, sir.

Wh. B. P. What makes yon troubler of all Christian wa-
So neere that blessed spring? But that I know (ters
Her Goodnesse is the Rocke from whence it issues,
Vnmoueable as Fate, 'twould more afflict me
Then all my sufferings for her, which so long
As shee holds constant to the house she comes of,
The whitenesse of the cause: the side, the qualitie
Are sacrifices to her worth and vertue;
And though confin'd in my Religious loyes,
Il'd marry her, and possesse her. *Enter Bl. Kni. pawne.*

Bl B. P. Behold, Lady,
The two inhumaine Enemies, the *Blacke Knights pawne*,
And the *White Bishops*, the Guelder, and the Guelded.

Wh. Q. P. Theres my griefe, my hate.

Bl. Kni. pa. What in the Iesuits fingers? By this hand
Ile giue my part now for a Parrots feather:
Shee neuer returnes vertuous: 'tis impossible.
Ile vndertake more wagers will be layd
Vpon a Vsurers returne from Hell,
Then vpon hers from him now. I haue been guiltie
Of such base malice, that my very Conscience
Shakes at the memory of, and when I looke
To gather fruit, find nothing but the Sauin tree,
Too frequent in Nuns Orchards, and there planted
(By all coniecture) to destroy fruit rather.
I will be resolu'd now: Most noble Virgin.

Wh. Q. P. Ignoble villaine, dare that vnhalloved tongue
Lay hold vpon a sound so gracious?
What's Nobleness to thee? or Virgin Chastitie?
They are out of thy acquaintance: talke of violence
That shames Creation: deeds would make night blush:

Thats

That's company for thee: haſt thou the impudence
To court me with a Leproſie vpon thee,
Able to infect the walls of a great building.
Bl.B.pa Son of offence, forbeare; go ſet your euill
before your eyes: a penitentiall Veſture
Would better beecome you: ſome ſhirt of haire.
Bl.K.pa. And you a three pound ſmock, ſtead of an Albe,
And Epiceane-Caſible: This holy Fellon,
Robs ſafe and cloſe. I feele a ſting thats worſe too;
(White Pawne) haſt ſo much Charitie to accept
A Reconcilement? Make thine owne conditions,
For I begin to bee extreamely burthened.
Wh.B.P. No truth or peace of that Black-houſe prote-
Is to be truſted. But for hope of Quittance, (ſted,
And warn'd by Diffidence, I may entrap him ſooneſt.
I admit conference. *Enter Blacke Knight.*
Bl.Kni.P. It is a nobleneſſe
That makes confuſion cleaue to all my merits.
Bl.Biſh.P. That Treatiſe will inſtruct you throughly.
Bl. Kni. So, ſo,
The buſineſſe of the vniuerſall Monarchie
Goes forward well now: The great Colledge Pot,
That ſhould be alwayes boyling with the fewell
Of all Intelligences poſſible
Through the Chriſtian Kingdomes: Is this fellow
Our prime Incendiary? and one of thoſe
That promiſed the White Kingdome, ſeuen yeares ſince
To our Blacke Houſe? put a new Daughter to him,
The worke ſtands; he minds not Monarchy, nor Hierarchy,
Diuine principalitie. I haue bragg'd leſſe,
But I haue done more, then all the Conclaue on 'em,
Take their Aſsiſtant Fathers in all parts,
Yea, and their Father generall in (to boot)
And what I haue done, I haue done facetiouſly,
With pleaſant ſubtiltie, and bewitching Courtſhip,
Abus'd all my Beleeuers with delight,

They

They tooke a comfort to be cozen'd by me.
To many a Soule I haue let in mortall poyſon,
Whoſe cheekes haue crackt with laughter to receiue it:
I could ſo rowle my Pills in ſugred ſyllables,
And ſtrew ſuch kindly mirth ore all my miſchiefe,
They tooke their bane, in way of recreation,
As pleaſure ſteales corruption into youth.
He ſpies me now, I muſt vphold his Reuerence,
(Eſpecially in publique) though I know
Priapus Guardian of the Cherry-gardens;
Bacchus, and *Venus-Chitt*, is not more vitious:
Bl. Biſh. P. Bleſsings accumulation keepe with you, ſir.
Bl. Kni. Honours diſsimulation be your due, ſir.
Wh. Q. P. How deepe in dutie his obſeruance plunges?
His charge muſt needs be reuerend.
Bl. Biſh. P. I am Confeſſor
To this Blacke Knight too: you ſee Deuotion's fruitfull,
Sh'ath many ſonnes and daughters.
Bl. Kni. I doe this the more
T'amaze our Aduerſaries, to behold
The reuerence wee giue this Guytinens,
And to beget a ſound opinion
Of holineſſe in them, and zeale in vs.
As alſo to inuite the like obedience
In other Puſills, by our meeke example.
So: is your Trifle vaniſh'd?
Bl. Bi. P. Trifle call you her? 'tis a good Pawne, ſir;
Sure ſhee's the ſecond Pawne in the White Houſe,
And, to the opening of the Game, I hold her.
Bl. K. I, you hold wel for that: I know your play of old;
If there were more Queens Pawnes, you'd ply the Game
A great deale harder. (Now ſir, we are in priuate)
But what for the Maine-worke? the great Exiſtence?
The Hope Monarchall?
Bl. Bi. P. It goes on in this.
Bl. Kni. In this? I cannot ſee't.

Bl. B. P.

Bl.Biſh.P. You may deny ſo,
A Dialls motion, 'cauſe you cannot ſee
The hand mooue, or a wind that rends the Cedar.
Bl.Kni. Where ſtops the current of Intelligence?
Your Father-generall, (Biſhop o'th Black Houſe,
Complaines for want of worke.
Bl.B.P. Heer's from all parts:
Sufficient to employ him; I receiu'd
A packet from the aſsiſtant Fathers lately:
Looke, there's *Anglica*; this *Gallica*.
Bl.Kni. I marry (ſir) there's ſome quicke fleſh in this.
Bl.Biſh.P. Germanica.
Bl.Kni. I thinke they haue ſeal'd this with Butter.
Bl.B.P. This *Italica*.
Bl.Kni. They haue put their pens the Hebrew way (me thinks.)
Bl.Biſh.P. Hiſpanica heere.
Bl.Kni. Hiſpanica? Blind worke 'tis;
The Ieſuit hath writ this with the Iuice of Lemmons ſure;
It muſt be held cloſe to the fire of Purgatory,
Ere it can be read.
Bl.Bi.P. You would not looſe your jeſt, Knight,
Though it wounded your owne name,
Enter White Kings Pawne.
Bl.Kni. Curanda pecunia. (*pawne.*
Bl.B.P. Take heed, ſir, we are intrapt: the *White Kings*
Bl.Kn. Hee's made our owne (man) halfe in *voto* yours;
His heart's in the Blacke Houſe: leaue him to me:
Moſt of all friends endeer'd: preciouſly ſpeciall? (Kni.
Wh.Kin.P. You ſee my outſide, but you know my heart,
Great difference in the colour, ther's ſome Intelligence,
And, as more ripens, ſo your knowledge ſtill
Shall proue the richer; there ſhall nothing happen,
Beleeue it, to extenuate your cauſe,
Or to oppreſſe her Friends, but I will ſtriue
To croſſe it with my Councell, purſe, and power:
Keepe all ſupplies backe, both in meanes and men,
That may raiſe ſtrength 'gainſt you: we muſt part,

I dare no longer of this Theame diſcuſſe,
The Eare of State is quicke and iealious. *Exit.*

Bl. Kni. Excellent Eſtimation, thou art valued
Aboue the Fleet of Gold (that came ſhort home.)
Poore Ieſuite-ridden-ſoule, how art thou fool'd
Out of thy Faith? from thy allegeance drawne:
Which way ſoere thou tak'ſt, th'art a loſt Pawne.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus,

Scena prima.

Enter White Queenes Pawne, reading.

Wh. Q. P. And here agen; it is the Daughters dutie,
To obey her Confeſſors command in all things,
Without exception, or Expoſtulation.
Tis the moſt generall rule that ere I read of:
Yet when I thinke how boundleſſe Vertue is,
Goodneſſe and grace, 'tis lately reconcil'd:
And then it appeares well to haue the power *Enter Bl. Biſh. Pa.*
Of the diſpenſor, as vncircumſcrib'd.

Bl. B. P. She's hard vpon't; 'twas the moſt modeſt key
That I could vſe to open my intents:
What little or no paines goes to ſome people?
Hah? a ſeal'd Note? Whence this?
To the Blacke Biſhops Pawne theſe: how to me?
Pawne ſufficiently holy, but vnmeaſurably politike, We had late Intelligence from our moſt Induſtrious Seruant, (famous in all parts of Europe) our Knight of t'e black Houſe, that you haue at this inſtant in cheſſe, the White Queenes Pawne, and very likely (by the carriage of your Game)

to entrap and take her. These are therefore to require you (by the burning affection I beare to the Rape of Deuotion) that ſpeedily, vpon the ſurpriſall of her, by all watchfull aduantage, you make ſome attempt vpon the VVhite Queenes perſon, whoſe fall or proſtitution, our luſt moſt violently rages for.

Sir, after my Deſire hath tooke a Iulip,
For its owne inflammation (that yet ſcorches me)
I ſhall haue cooler time to thinke of yours.
Sh'ath paſt the generall rule, the large extent
Of our Preſcriptions for obedience;
And yet with that alacritie of ſoule,
Her eyes moue on the letters?

Wh. Qu. P. (Holy Sir)
Too long I haue miſſ'd you; oh your abſence ſtarues me;
Haſten for times redemption (worthy ſir)
Lay your Commands as thicke and faſt vpon me
As you can ſpeake 'em; how I thirſt to heare 'em:
Set me to worke vpon this ſpacious Vertue,
Which the poore ſpan of life's too narrow for,
Boundleſſe Obedience;
The humbleſt, yet the mightieſt of all duties.
Well, here I ſet downe a vniuerſall goodneſſe.

Bl. B. P. By holineſſe of garment, her ſafe Innocence
Hath frighted the full meaning from it ſelfe;
Shee's further off from vnderſtanding now
The language of my intent, then at firſt meeting.

Wh. Q. P. For vertues ſake, good ſir, command me ſome-
Make triall of my duty in ſome ſmall ſeruice, (thing,
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then truſt it with a greater.

Bl. Biſh. Pa. You ſpeake ſweetly:
I doe commaund you firſt then.

Wh. Qu. P. With what ioy,
I doe prepare my dutie.

Bl. Biſh. P. To meet me,

And ſeale a kiſſe of loue vpon my lips.

Wh. Q. P. Hah?

Bl Biſh. P. At firſt diſobedient? and ſo little too?
How ſhall I truſt you with a greater then?
Which was your owne requeſt?

Wh. Q. P. Pray ſend not backe
Mine Innocence to wound me: be more courteous.
I muſt confeſſe moſt like an ignorant Plaintife, who
Preſuming on the faire path of his meaning,
Goes raſhly on, till on a ſudden brought,
Into the wilderneſſe of Law, by words
Drop'd vnaduiſedly, hurts his good cauſe,
And giues his Aduerſary aduantage by't.
Apply it, you can beſt (ſir) if my obedience,
And your command, can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons beſt obey.

Bl. B. P. If I can at that diſtance ſend you a bleſsing,
Is it not neerer to you in mine armes?
It flies from theſe lips, dealt abroad in parcels;
And I to honour thee aboue all daughters,
Inuite thee home to th'houſe, where thou mayſt ſurfet
On that which others miſerably pine for.
A fauour which the daughters of great Potentates
Would looke of Enuies colour but to heare.

Wh. Q. P. Good men may erre ſometimes, you are miſta-
If this be vertues path, tis a moſt ſtrange one. (ken ſure.
I neuer came this way before.

Bl. Biſh P. Thats your ignorance;
And therefore ſhall that Idiot ſtill conduct you,
That knowes no way but one, nor euer ſeekes it?
If there be twentie wayes to ſome poore Village,
Tis ſtrange that Vertue ſhould be put to one.
Your feare is wondrous faultie; caſt it from you,
Twill gather elſe in time, a diſobedience
Too ſtubburne for my pardon.

Wh. Q. P. Haue I lock'd my ſelfe

At vnawares into ſinns ſeruitude
With more deſire of goodneſſe? Is this the Top
Of all ſtrict Order? and the holieſt
Of all Societies? the three vow'd People,
For Powertie, Obedience, Chaſtity?
The laſt the moſt forgot? when a Virgin's ruyn'd,
I ſee the great worke of obedience
Is better then halfe finiſh'd.
Bl. Bs. P. What a Stranger
Are you to dutie growne? what diſtance keepe you?
Muſt I bid you come forward to a happineſſe,
Your ſelfe ſhould ſue for? twas neuer ſo with mee:
I dare not let this ſtubborneſſe be knowne,
T'would bring ſuch fierce hate on you, yet preſume not
To make that curteous care a priuiledge?
For wilfull diſobedience: it turnes then
Into the blackneſſe of a curſe vpon you,
Come, come, be nearer.
Wh. Q. P. Nearer?
Bl. Bs. P. Was that Scorne?
I would not haue it proue ſo, for the hopes
Of the Grand-Monarchie: if it were like it,
Let it not dare to ſpread abroad agen:
A ſtronger Ill will coape with't.
Wh. Q. P. Bleſſe me, threatens me,
And quite diſmaies the good ſtrength that ſhould helpe me,
I was neuer ſo doubtfull of my ſafety.
Bl. Bs. P. T'was but my Iealouſie:
Forgiue me (Sweetneſſe)
Yon'd is the Houſe of Meekeneſſe, and no venom liues
Vnder that Roofe: Be nearer: why ſo fearefull?
Nearer the Altar the more ſafe, and ſacred.
Wh. Q. P. But nearer to the Officer, oft more wicked.
Bl. Bs. P. A plaine and moſt inſufferable contempt:
My glory I haue loſt vpon this woman:
In freely offering that, ſhe ſhould haue kneel'd

A yeare in vaine for: my reſpect is darkned
Giue me my Reuerence againe thou haſt rob'd me of
In the repulſe: thou ſhalt not carry't hence.
Wh. Q.P. Sir:
Bl.biſh.paw. Thou art too great a winner, to depart:
And I too great a looſer, to giue way to't.
Wh. Q.P. Oh Heauen!
Bl.Bs.paw. Lay me downe Reputation,
Before thou ſtirſt; thy nice Virginity
Is recompence too little for my loue:
'Tis well, if I accept of that, for both:
Thy loſſe is but thine owne; thers Art to helpe thee,
And Fooles, to paſſe thee too: In my Diſcouery
The whole Society ſuffers; and in that
The hope of abſolute Monarchie eclipſ'd:
Aſſurance thou canſt make me none for thy ſecrecie
But thine Honors loſſe, that Act muſt arme thee.
Wh. Q.P. Oh my diſtreſſed condition.
Bl.Bs.paw. Doſt weepe?
If thou hadſt any pitty, this neceſsity,
Would wring it from thee; I muſt elſe deſtroy thee.
We muſt not truſt the policie of *Europe*
Vpon a womans tongue.
Wh. Q.paw. Then take my life (Sir)
And leaue mine honour, for my guide to heauen.
Bl.biſh paw. Take heede I take not both: which I haue vow'd
If longer thou reiect me.
Wh. Q.P. Helpe: oh helpe. *Noiſe within.*
Bl.biſh.paw. Art thou ſo cruell, for an honors bubble
T'vndoe a whole Fraternitie? and diſperce
The ſecrets of moſt Princes lock'd in vs.
Wh. Q.P. For Heauen and Vertues ſake.
Bl.biſh.paw. Muſt force confound noiſe?
Hah? what's that? ſilence; if faire worth be in thee.
Wh. Q.P. Ile venture my eſcape vpon all dangers now.
Bl.Bs.paw. Who comes to take Me?

Let

Let me ſee the *Pawnes* face,
Or his proud Timpanous Maſter ſwel'd with State-wind,
Which being once prickt i'th *Connocation-Houſe*,
The corrupt Ayre, puffes out, and he falls ſhriuel'd.
Wh. Q. P. I will diſcouer thee, (Arch-Hypocrite)
To all the Kindreds of the Earth. *Exit.* — *Noyſe*
Bl. biſh. P. Confuſion *within.*
In that voice rings th'Alarum of my vndoing. *Enter Bl.*
How? which way ſcap'd ſhe from me? *Queenes P.*
Bl Q P. Are you mad?
Can luſt infatuate a man ſo hopefull,
No patience in your blood? the Dog Star raignes ſure,
Time and faire-Temper, would haue wrought her pleaſure,
I ſpi'd a *Pawne* o'th *White-Houſe*, walke neere vs,
And made that noiſe on purpoſe to giue warning:
(For mine owne turne, which end, in all I worke for.)
Bl. biſh. P. Me thinks I ſtand ouer a Powder vault,
And the Match now a kindling: whats to be done? (*Pawne*
Bl. Q. P. Aske the Blacke Biſhops counſell: y'are his
'Tis his owne caſe, he will defend you mainely.
And (happely here he comes with the Black-Knight to;
Enter Black biſh. & Bl. Kni.
Bl. biſh. Oh you haue made noble work for the *Wh houſe* (yonder,
This Act will fill the Aduerſaries mouth,
And blow the *Lutherans* cheeks, till they cracke againe.
Bl. Kni. This will aduance the great Monarchall buſines
In all parts well, and helpe the Agents forward:
What I in ſeauen yeare labour'd to accompliſh,
One minute ſets back, by ſome Cod-peice Colledge ſtil.
Bl biſh P. I dwell not (Sir) alone in this default,
The *blacke-Houſe* yeelds me Partners.
Bl biſh. All more cautulous.
Bl. Kni Qui Caute, Caſte; that's my *Motto* euer:
I haue trauel'd with that word, ouer moſt Kingdomes,
And laine ſafe, with all Nations, of a leaking bottome,
I haue bin as often toſt on *Venus* Seas
As trimmer, freſher Veſſels: when ſounder Barkes

Haue

Haue laine at Anchor. (that is kept the dore)
Bl. bish. She hath no witneſſe then?
Bl. bish. pan. None, none.
Bl. Kni Groſſe witneſſe?
When went a man of his Society
To miſchiefe with a witneſſe?
Bl. bish. I haue don't then,
Away vpon the wings of ſpeede: take poſt-horſe,
Caſt thirty Leagues of earth behind thee ſodainely;
Leaue Letters (Ante-dated) with our Houſe,
Ten daies at leaſt from this.
Bl. Kni. (Biſhop) I taſte thee
Good ſtrong Epiſcopall Counſell: take a Bottle on't
'Twill ſerue thee all thy Iourney.
Bl. bish. pan. But good (Sir)
How for my getting forth vn-ſpide?
Bl. Kni. There's Checke agen.
Bl. Q.P. No Ile helpe that.
Bl. Kni. Well ſaide (my bouncing Ieſuiteſſe)
Bl. Q.P. There lies a ſecret vault.
Bl. Kni. Away: make haſt then.
Bl. Bs.P. Run for my Cabinet of Intelligencies,
For feare they ſearch the Houſe,
Good Biſhop burne 'em rather;
I cannot ſtand to pick 'em now.
Bl. bish. Begone:
The danger's all in you.
Bl. Kni. Let mee ſee (*Queenes Pawne*)
How formally he hath pack'd vp his Intelligences
He hath laid them all in Truckle-beds (mee thinkes)
And (like Court-Harbingers) he hath writ their Names
In Chalke, vpon their Chambers; *Anglica*,
Oh, this is the Engliſh Houſe: what newes there trow?
Hah, by this light; moſt of theſe are bawdy Epiſtles:
'Time they were burn'd indeed, whole bundles of them,
Heer's from his Daughter *Blanch* & Daughter *Bridget*,

from

From their ſafe Sanctuary, in the *White-Fryers*;
Theſe from two tender Siſters of compaſsion
In the Bowels of *Bloomes-bury*;
Theſe from the Nunnery in *Drury-Lane*,
A fire, a fire, (good Ieſuiteſſe) a fire:
What haue you there?

Bl. Bs. A Note (Sir) of State-Policie,
And one exceeding ſafe one.

Bl. Kni. Pray lets ſee it (Sir)
To ſell away all the Powder in a Kingdome,
To preuent blowing vp: (thats ſafe Ile able it)
Heers a facetious obſeruation now,
And fits my humour better; he writes here
Some wiues in *England* will commit Adultery,
And then ſend to *Rome* for a Bull for their Husbands;

Bl. B. Haue they thoſe ſhifts?

Bl. Kni. Oh ther's no Femall breathing
Sweeter and ſubtler: here (wench) take theſe papers,
Scorch 'em meſoundly; burne 'em to French-ruſſet,
And put 'em in againe.

Bl. biſh. Why? whats your miſtery?

Bl. Kni. (Oh Sir) twill mocke the Aduerſary ſtrangely
If ere the Houſe be ſearch'd, twas done in *Venice*
Vpon the Ieſuiticall Expulſe there,
When the Inquiſitors came ſpectacl'd
To picke out Sillables out o'th doong of Treaſon,
(As Children picke out Chery-ſtones) yet found none
But what they made themſelues, with ends of letters.
Doe as I bid you (*Pawne*) *Exit.*

Bl. Q P. Feare not: in all
I loue Roguery too well, to let it fall: *Enter Blacke Knights paw.*
How now, what newes with you?

Bl. Kni. P. The ſting of Conſcience
Alflicts me ſo; for that inhumane violence
On the *white Biſhops pawne*, it takes away
My ioy, my reſt.

Bl.B.P. This tis to make and Euenuch,
You made a ſport on't then.
B.Kn.P. Ceaſe agrauation,
I come to be abſolu'd for't: where's my Confeſſor.
Why doſt thou point to'th ground?
Bl.Q.P. 'Cauſe he went that way.
Bl.K.P. What's that?
Bl.Q.P. Come helpe me with this Cabbinet,
And after I haue ſing'd theſe papers throughly
Ile tell thee a ſtrange ſtory-
Bl.K.P. If't be ſad,
'Tis wellcome.
Bl.K.P. 'Tis not troubled with much mirth (Sir)

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Eeter Fat Biſhop and his Pawne.

Fat Biſh. Pawne.
Pawne. I attend at your great Holineſſe ſeruice,
Fat Biſh. For great I grant you; but for greatly holy
There the Soule alters: Fat. Cathedrall bodies
Haue very often but leane little Soules,
Much like the Ladie, in the Lobſters-head
A great deale of ſhell, and garbage of all colours.
But the pure part, that ſhould take wings and mount,
Is at laſt gaſpe as if a man ſhould gape,
And from his hughbulke, let forth a butter-flye
Like thoſe big bellied Mountaines, which the Poet
Deliuers, that are brought to bed with Mouſe-fleſh,
Are my Books printed (*Pawne*) my laſt *Inuectiue*
Againſt the Black-Houſe?
Paw. Ready for *publication*,
For I ſaw perfect Bookes this morning (Sir)
Fat Biſh Fetch me a few: which I will inſtantly
Diſtribute amongſt the White-Houſe
Paw. With all ſpeede Sir. *Fat Biſh.*

Fat.biſh. Tis a moſt Lordly life, to raile at eaſe:
Sit, eate and Feede vpon the Fat of one Kingdome,
And raile vpon another, with the Iuice on't.
I haue writ this Booke out of the ſtrength and marrow
Of ſixe and thirty diſhes at a meale.
But moſt on't, out of Cullis of Cock-Sparrowes,
Twill ſticke and glew the faſter to the Aduerſary:
Twill ſlit the throat of their moſt caluiſh Cauſe,
And yet I eat but little Butchers meate
In the conception.
Of all things I commend the White-Houſe beſt
For plentie and variety of Victualls;
When I was one of the Blacke-Side profeſ'd
My fleſh fell halfe a Cubit: time to turne,
When mine owne ribbes reuolted; but to ſay true,
I haue no preferment yet thats ſuteable
To the greatnes of my Perſon and my Parts;
I grant I liue at eaſe, for I am made
The Maſter of the Beds (the long acre of Beds)
But thers no Mari-golds that ſhuts and opens:
Flowre-gentles, Venus Bath, Aples of Loue,
Pincks, Hiacinths, Honey-ſuckles Daffadowne-dillies,
Therh was a time, I had more ſuch Drabs then Beds,
Now I haue more beds then drabs,
Yet ther's no eminent Trader, deales in whole ſale,
But ſhe and I haue clapt a bargaine vp *Ent. Bl. Biſh. &*
Let in at Water-gate for which I haue rack'd *Bl. Knight.*
My Tenants purſe-ſtrings, that they haue twang'd agen.
Yonder Blacke Knight, the Fiſtula of *Europe*,
Whoſe diſeaſe once I vndertooke to cure,
With a High Holbourne-Halter) when he laſt
Vouchſaf'd to peepe into my priuiledged lodgings:
He ſaw good ſtore of Plate there, and rich hangings:
He knew I brought none to the White Houſe with me,
I haue not loſt the vſe of my Profeſsion
Since I turn'd White-Houſe Biſhop.

Bl. Kni. Looke more Bookes yet,
Yond greazie Turne-coate, Gurmandizing Prelate,
Doth worke our Houſe more miſchiefe by his Scripts,
His fat and fulſome Volumes, then the whole
Bodie of the Aduerſe Partie.
Bl. B. Oh twere
A Maſter peece of Serpent Subtiltie
To fetch him 'othis ſide agen.
Bl. Kni. And then dambne him
Into the Bag for euer: or expoſe him
Againſt the Aduerſe part, which now he feeds vpon;
And that would double dambne him: My reuenge
Hath prompted me already? Ile confound him,
On both ſides, for the Phiſicke he prouided,
And the baſe Surgion he inuented for me:
Ile tell thee what a moſt vncatholike Ieſt
He put vpon me once, when my paine tortur'd mee,
He told me he had found a preſent cure for me,
(Which I grew proud on, and obſerud him ſeriouſly:)
What thinke you twas? being Execution day,
He ſhow'd the Hangman to me, out at window,
(The common Hang-man)
Bl. B. Oh inſufferable!
Bl. Kni. Ile make him the Balloon-Ball of the Churches,
And both the ſides ſhall toſſe him (he lookes like one)
A thing ſwell'd vp with mingled drinke, and *Vryne*,
And will bound well from one Side to another.
Come you ſhall write: Our ſecond Biſhop abſent
(Which hath yet no imployment in the Game
Perhaps, nor euer ſhall, it may be won
Without his Motion, it reſts moſt in our's)
He ſhall be flatterd with *Sede vacante*,
Make him beleeue he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to vs;
For I know Powder is not more Ambitious
When the Match meetes it, then his mind, for mounting,

As couetous and leacherous —

Bl. Bish. No more now, sir,
Both the sides fill.

Enter King. Qu. Kni. Duke, Bishops of both sides, and Pawnes.

Wh. King. This hath been look'd for long.

Fat Bish. The stronger sting it shoots into the blood
Of the blacke Aduersary: I am ashamed now
I was Theirs euer: what a lumpe was I,
When I was led in Ignorance and boldnesse.
I haue all my life time playd the foole till now,

Bl. Kn. And now he plaies two parts, the foole & knaue.

Fat Bish. There is my Recantation, in the last leafe,
Writ like a *Ciceronian*, in pure Latine.

Wh. P. Pure Honestie: the plainer Latine serues them.

Bl. Kni. Plague on those pestilent Pamphlets, those are they,
That wound our cause toth heart.

Bl. Bish. Here comes more anger. *Enter Wh. Qu. P.*

Bl. Kn. But we come well prouided for't: 's storme.

Wh. Q. Is this my Pawne, shee that should guard our person?
Or some pale figure of deiection,
Her shape vsurping? Sorrow and affrightment,
Hath preuaild strangely with her.

Wh. Q P. King of Integritie,
Queene of the same, and all the House, Professors
Of noble Candor, vncorrupted Iustice,
And truth of heart, through my alone Discouery,
My life and honour wonderously preserv'd,
I bring into your knowledge, with my sufferings,
Fearefull affrightments, and heart-killing terrour,
The great Incendiary of Christendome,
The absolut'st abuser of true sanctitie,
Faire Peace, and holy Order, can be found
In any part oth vniuersall Globe;
Who making meeke Deuotion keepe the doore,
His lips being full of holy Zeale at first,

Would haue committed a fould rape vpon me.

Wh. Qu. Ha?

Wh. K. A Rape, that's foule indeed: the very ſound
To our Bare fowler then the offence it ſelfe
To ſome Kings of the earth.

Wh. Qu. P. (Sir) to proceed,
Gladly I offer'd life to preſerue Honour,
Which would not bee accepted without both,
(The chiefe of his ill ayme, being at mine honour)
Till Heauen was pleaſ'd, by ſome vnlook'd for accident,
To giue mee courage to redeeme my ſelfe.

W. K. When we find deſperat ſins in ill mens companies,
Wee place a charitable ſorrow there:
But Cuſtome and their leprous Inclination
Quits vs of wounds; for our expectation
Is anſwer'd in their liues; but to find ſinne,
(Yea and a Maſter-peece of darkneſſe) ſhelter'd
Vnder a Robe of Sanctitie, is able
To draw all wonder to that Monſter onely,
And leaue created Monſters vnadmir'd.
The pride of him that tooke firſt fall for pride,
Is to bee Angell-ſhap'd, and imitate
The forme from whence hee fell.
But this offender, (farre baſer then ſinnes Maſter)
Fix'd by vow to holy Order (which is Angels method)
Takes pride to vſe that ſhape, to be a Deuill;
It grieues mee that my knowledge muſt be tainted
With his infected name,
Oh rather with thy finger poynt him out.

W. Q. P. The place which he ſhould fill, is void, my Lord
His guilt hath ſeiz'd him: the *Blacke Biſhops Pawne.*

Bl. Biſh Ha? mine? my Pawne? the glory of this Order?
The prime and preſident Zealot of the Earth?
Impudent Pawne, for thy ſake at this minute,
Modeſtie ſuffers: all that's vertuous bluſhes,
And Truthes ſelfe (like the Sunne vex'd with a miſt)

Lookes

Lookes red with Anger.
Wh. Biſh. Bee not you drunke with rage too.
Bl Bi. P. Sober Sinceritie, nor you a Cup
Spic'd with Hypocriſie.
Wh. Kni. You name there (Biſhop)
But your own Chriſtmas-Bowle: your mornings draught,
Next your Epiſcopall heart, all the Twelue-dayes,
Which ſmacke you cannot leaue all the yeere following.
Bl. Knight. A ſhrewd retort;
Has made our Biſhop ſmell of burning too.
Would I ſtood further off: were't no impeachment
To my Honor, & the Game, would they would play faſter:
White Knight, there is acknowledged from our Houſe
A Reuerence to you, and a reſpect
To that lou'd Duke ſtands next you; with the fauour
Of the White King, and th'aforenamed reſpected,
I combate with this Cauſe; if with all ſpeed,
Waſt not one ſillable (vnfortunate Pawne)
Of what I ſpeake, thou doſt not plead Diſtraction:
A Plea, which will but faintly take thee off neither,
From this Leuiathan-ſcandall, that lies rolling
Vpon the Chriſtall waters of Deuotion:
Or what may quit thee more, though enough nothing
Fall downe, and foame aud by that pang diſcouer
The vexing Spirit of falſehood, ſtrong within thee.
Make thy ſelfe ready for perdition.
There's no roome in all the Game to ſcape it.
This Pawne, or this, the Biſhop, or my ſelfe
Will take thee in the end: play how thou canſt.
Wh. Q. P. Spight of ſinnes glorious oſtentation,
And all lowd threats, thoſe thunder-cracks of Pride,
Vſhering a ſtorme of Malice, Houſe of Impudence,
Crafts, and Equiuocation, my true Cauſe,
Shall keepe the path it treads in.
Bl. Kni. I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high Aſſembly,

Bring

Bring forth the time of this attempts conception,
Wh. Qu. P. Conception? oh how tenderly you handle it.
Wh. Biſh. It ſeemes, black Kni. you are afraid to touch it.
Bl. Kni. Well, it's Eruption; will ſhee haue it ſo then?
Or you (White Biſhop) for her: the vncleaner,
Vild, and moſt impious, that you vrge the ſtraine to,
The greater will her ſhames-heape, ſhew ith end,
And the wrong'd meeke mans glory: the time (Pawne.)
Wh. Qu. P. Yeſterday curſed Euening.
Bl. Kni. Oh the Treaſure
Of my reuenge, I cannot ſpend all on thee,
Ruine enough to ſpare for all thy kindred too.
For honours ſake call in more ſlaunderers,
I haue ſuch plentifull confuſion,
I know not how to waſte it. Ile be nobler yet,
And put her to her owne houſe: King of Meekneſſe,
Take the cauſe to thee: for our hands too heauy:
Our proofes will fall vpon her like a Tower,
And grinde her bones to powder.
Wh. Qu. P. What new Engine
Has the Deuill raiſd in him now?
Bl. Kni. Is it hee?
And that the time? ſtand firme: now to your ſcandall;
Pray do not ſhift your ſlander.
Wh. Qu. P. Shift your Treacheries,
They haue worne one ſuite too long.
Bl Kni. That holy man
So wrongfully accuſd by this loſt Pawne,
Hath not been ſeene theſe ten dayes in theſe parts.
Wh. Kni How?
Bl. Kni. Nay, at this inſtant thirty leagues from hence.
Wh. Q P. Faddomleſſe falſehood, will it ſcape vnblaſted?
Wh. Kni. Can you make this appeare?
Bl. Kni. Light is not clearer,
By his owne Letters (moſt impartiall Monarch.)
Wh. Q P. How wrongfully may ſacred Vertue ſuffer, ſir?

Bl. Kni.

Bl. Kni. (Biſhop) we haue a Treaſure of that falſe heart.
Wh. Kni. Step forth and reach thoſe proofes.
Wh. Q. P. Amazement couers me
Can I be ſo forſaken of a Cauſe
So wrong in Truth and equitie? will Vertue
Send me no Aide, in this hard time of Friendſhip?
Bl. Kni. Ther's an infallible ſtaffe, and a red hat
Reſeru'd for you;
W. Qu. P. Oh, Sir, indeerd
Bl. Kni. A Staffe,
That will not eaſily breake; you may truſt to't,
(And ſuch a one had your corruption need of
The'rs a State-figge for you now.)
Wh. Kni. Behold all how they coheare in one:
I alwayes held a Charitie ſo good
To Holineſſe profeſs'd; I euer beleeu'd rather
The Accuſer falſe, then the Profeſſor vitious.
Bl. Kni. A Charitie like all your vertues elſe,
Gracious and glorious.
Wh. Kni. Where ſettles the offence
Let the faults puniſhment, be deriu'd from thence
We leaue her to your Cenſure:
Bl. Kni. Moſt juſt Majeſtie.
Wh. Q. P. Calamitie of Vertue; my Queene leaue me too?
Am I caſt off as th'oliue caſts her flower?
Poore friendleſſe Innocence, art thou ſo left a pray
To the Deuourer?
Wh. K. No, thou art not loſt:
Let'em put on their bloodieſt Reſolutions
If the faire policie I ayme at proſpers
Thy Councell (noble Duke.)
Wh. D. For that worke cheerefully.
Wh. Kni. A man for Speed now?
Wh. Biſh. P. Let it be my honour (ſir)
Make me that flight, that owes her my lifes ſeruice.
Bl. Kni. was not this brought about well for our Honours?
Bl. Biſh. Piſh that Galician Braine, can worke out wonders.

Bl. Kni. Lets vſe her, as (vpon the like diſcouerie)
A Maid was vs'd at Venice; Euery one,
Be ready with a pennace: Begin Majeſtie
Veſſell offooliſh Scandall, take thy freight:
Had there beene in that Cabinet of Nicences
Halfe the Virginities of the Earth lock'd vp,
And all ſwept at one caſt, by the dexterity
Of a Ieſuiticall Gamſter, it had not valued
The leaſt part of that generall worth, thou haſt tainted.
Bl. Biſh. Firſt I enioyne thee, to a three dayes Faſt for't.
Bl. Qu. You are too penurious (Sir) Ile make it foure.
Bl. Biſh. I to a twelue houres kneeling, at one time.
Bl. Kni. And in a Roome fil'd all with Aretines Pictures,
More then the twice twelue labours of Luxurie:
Thou ſhalt not ſee ſo much as the chaſt Pommell
Of *Lucrece* dagger peping, nay Ile puniſh thee
For a Diſcouerer; I'le torment thy modeſtie.
Bl. D. After that, foure dayes faſt, to the Inquiſition houſe
Strengthned with Bread and water, for worſe pennance. (ted.
Bl. Kni. Why well ſaid (Duke of our houſe) nobly agraua-
Wh. Q. P. Vertue (to ſhowe her Influence more ſtrong)
Fits me with Patience, mightier then my Wrong.

Exeunt.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scena prima. Enter Fat Biſhop.

Fat Biſh. I knowe my pen drawes blood of the Black-houſe,
Ther's neuer a booke I write, but their cauſe bleeds,
It hath loſt many an ounce of Reputation,
Since I came of this Side, I ſtrike deepe in,
And leaue the Orifex guſhing, where I come.
But wher's my aduancement all this while I haue gap'd for?
I would haue ſome round preferment: Corpulent dignity,
That beares ſome-bredth and compaſſe in the Guiſt on't;
I am perſwaded that this fleſh would fill
The biggeſt Chaire Eccleſiaſtic all
If it were put to triall:

To

To be made Maſter of an Hoſpitall
Is but a kind of diſea'd Bed-rid-honour,
Or Deane of the poore Almes-Knights, that weare badges!
Ther's but two lazie beggerly preferments
In the white Kingdome, and I haue got 'em both.
My merrit doth begin to be Crop-ſicke,
For want of other Titles. *Enter Black Knight.*
Bl. Kni. Oh here walkes
His fulſome Holyneſſe; Now for the Maſter-tricke,
T'vndoe him euerlaſtingly; thats put home,
And make him hang in hell moſt ſeriouſly,
That ieſted with a halter vpon me;
Fat Biſh. The Black Knight! I muſt looke to my play then,
Bl. Kni. I bring faire greetings to your reuerend Vertues
From Cardinall *Paulus*, your moſt princely Kins-man.
Fat Biſh. Our Princely Kins-man ſaiſt thou? we accept 'em,
Pray keepe your ſide and diſtance: I am charie
Of my Epiſcopall perſon.
I know the Knightes walke, in this Game too well,
He may ſlip ouer me, and where am I then?
Bl. Kni. There where thou ſhalt be ſhortly: if Art faile not.
Hee reades the Letter.
Fat B. Right reuerend and noble (meaning me) *Our*
Kins-man in blood, but alienated in affection; your
Vnkinde diſobedience to the Mother-cauſe, proues
At this time the onely cauſe of your ill fortune:
My preſent remoone by generall Election, to the
Papall dignitie, had now auſpiciouſly ſettled you
In my Sede vacante (how? had it ſo?) *which at my next remoue*
By death, might haue proued your Step to Supremacie.
Hah? all my Bodies blood mounts to my face
To looke vpon this letter.
Bl. Kni. The Pill workes with him.
Fat Biſh. Thinke on't ſeriouſly, it is not yet too late
Through the ſubmiſſe acknowledgement of your
Diſobedience, to be louingly receaued into the
Brotherly Boſome of the Conclaue.

This was the Chaire of Eaſe, I euer aym'd at;
Ile make a Bon-fire of my Bookes immediatly,
All that are left (againſt that ſide) Ile ſacrifice,
Packe vp my Plate, and goods, and ſteale away,
By night at water-gate: It is but penning,
Two or three bitter bookes, againſt the White-houſe,
And inuenting another Recantation,
And then I am in on th'other ſide againe,
As firme as ere I was: as fat, and flouriſhing,
(Blacke Knight) expect a wonder er't be long:
Thou ſhalt ſee me one of the Black-houſe ſhortly,

Bl. Kni. Your Holineſſe is merrie with the Meſſenger:
Too happie to be true; you ſpeake what ſhould be
If naturall Compunction touch'd you truely (nour
——Oh you haue drawne blood, life blood, yea blood of ho-
From your moſt deare, your Primatiue Mothers heart,
Your ſharpe Inuectiues haue bin points of Speares
In her ſweet tender Sides; the vnkinde wounds
Which a Sonne giues (a Sonne of reuerence eſpecially)
They rankle tenne times more then th'aduerſaries.
I tell you Sir, your reuerend Reuolt,
Did giue the fearefullſt blow to Adoration,
Our Cauſe ere felt; It ſhooke the very Statues,
The Vrnes and Aſhes of the ſainted Sleepers.

Fat Biſh. Forbeare or I ſhall melt ith place I ſtand;
Suffices I am yours when they leaſt dreame on't
Ambitions fodder (power, and richeſſe) drawes me
When I ſmell Honour, thats the locke of hay
That leads me through the worlds field euery way. *Exit.*

Bl. Kni. Here's a ſweet paunch to propagate beliefe on,
Like the foundation of a Chappell, laid
Vpon a Quag-mire: I may number him now,
Amongſt my inferiour pollicies, and not ſhame 'em,
But let me a little ſollace my Deſignes,
In the remembrance of ſome braue ones paſt,
To cheriſh the futuritie of Proiect,
Whoſe motion muſt be reſtleſſe till that great worke

Cal'd

Cal'd the poſſeſſion of the Earth be ours.
Was it not I procur'd a pretious ſafe-guard
From the White Kingdome to ſecure our Coaſts
Againſt the Infidell Pyrat, vnder pretext
Of more neceſſitous expedition?
Who made the Goales flie open (without miracle)
And let the Locuſts out? (thoſe dangerous flies
Whoſe propertie is to burne Corne with touching)
The Heretiques Grannaries feele it to this houre,
And now they haue got amongſt the Countrie Croppes
They ſticke ſo faſt to the conuerted eares,
The lowdeſt Tempeſt that Authoritie rouſes
Will hardly ſhake 'em off; they haue their Dennes
In Ladies Couches, their ſafe Groues and Fennes
Nay were they followed and found out by th'Sent,
Palme-Oyle, will make a Purſeuant relent.
Whoſe pollicie wa'ſt to put a filenc'd Muzzell
On all the barking Tongue men of the time?
Made Pictures, that were domb enough before,
Poore Sufferers, in that pollitique reſtraint,
My light ſpleene skips and ſhakes my ribbes to thinke on't
Whilſt our Driſts walke vncenſur'd, but in thought,
A whiſtle or a whiſper would be queſtion'd,
In the moſt fortunate Angle of the world,
The Court hath held the Cittie by the hornes,
Whilſt I haue milk'd her: I haue got good Soapes,
From Countrie Ladyes; for their liberties,
From ſome; for their moſt vainely hop'd Preferments,
High offices in th'aire: I ſhould not liue,
But for this *Mel-aerium*, this Mirth-manna.
My Pawne? how now? the Newes? *Enter Blacke*
Bl. Kni. P. Expect none very pleaſing, *Knights Pawne.*
That comes (Sir) of my bringing, I am for ſad things,
Bl. Kni. Thy conſcience is ſo tender hoof'd of late;
Euery Nayle pricks it,
Bl. Kni. P. This may pricke yours too,
If there be any quicke fleſh in a yard on't.

Bl. K. Mine; Miſchiefe muſt finde a deepe nayle, and a driuer,
Beyond the ſtrength of any Machiuill,
The Politique Kingdomes fatten, to reach mine.
Pree-thee Compunction, Needle prick'd, a little
Vnbinde this ſore wound.

Bl. Kni. P. Sir your Plot's diſcouered.

Bl. K. Which of the twenty thouſand, and nine hundred
Fourſcore and fiue? can'ſt tell?

Bl. Kts. P. Bleſſe vs! ſo many?
How doe poore Country men haue but one plot
To keepe a Cow on, yet in Law for that?
You cannot know 'em all, ſure, by their Names (Sir)

Bl. Kt. Yes, were their uumbers trebled: thou haſt ſeene
A Globe ſtand on the table in my Cloſſet.

B. K. P. A thing Sir ful of Countries & hard words. (lique

Bl. Kt. True: with lines drawn, ſome Tropicall, ſome Ob-

Bl. Kts. P. I ſcarce can read, I was brought vp in blindneſſe.

Bl. K. Iuſt ſuch a thing (if ere my Scull be opened)
Will my Braines looke like.

Bl. K. P. Like a Globe of Countries?

Bl. K. I, and ſome Maſter Polititian
That has ſharp Eyes, will goe neare to pricke out
The Plots, and the Climate where they faſtned:
Twill puſsle 'em too.

Bl. K. P. I am of your minde for that Sir.

Bl. K. They'l finde 'em to fall thick vpon ſome Countries,
They had need vſe Spectakles: but I turne to you now,
What Plot is that diſcouered?

Bl. K. P. Your laſt Brat (Sir,
Begot betwixt the Blacke Biſhop and your ſelfe:
Your Ante-dated Letters about the *Ieſuite*.

Bl, K. Diſcouered! how?

Bl. K. P. The White Knights Policy hath out-ſtrip'd yours,
Ioyn'd with th' aſſiſtant Councell of his Duke,
The Biſhops White Pawne vndertooke the Iournie,
Who (as they ſay) diſcharg'd it like a Flight,
I made him for the buſines fit and light.

Bl. K. Tis

B.K. Tis but a Bawdy Pawne out of the way. *Enter both*
Bl.B. You haue heard all then? *Houſes ſeuerally.*
Bl.K. The Wonder's paſt with me: but ſome ſhall downe
W.K. Set free the vertuous Pawn, frō all her wrongs, (for't
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious Aduerſaries.
B.K. Good.
W.K. Noble chaſt Knight, a Title of that Candor
The greateſt Prince on Earth without impeachment,
May haue the dignity of his worth compriz'd in:
This faire-deliuering Act, Vertue will regiſter
In the white Booke of the defence of Virgins,
Where the cleare Fame of all preſeruing Knights,
Are to eternall memory conſecrated:
And wee embrace as partner of that honour
This worthy Piece, the counſell of the Act,
Whom wee ſhall euer place in our reſpect.
W.D. Moſt bleſs'd of Kings, throan'd in all royall graces,
Euery good deed ſends backe its owne reward,
Into the Boſome of the Enterprizer.
But you t'expreſſe your ſelfe, aſwell to be
King of Magnificence, as Integritie,
Addes glory to the guift.
W.K. Thy deſert claymes it.
——Zeale, and Fidelity, appeare thou Beauty
Of Truth and Innocency; beſt ornament
Of Patience: thou that makſt thy ſuffrings glorious.
B.K. Ile take no knowledge on't, what makes ſhe here?
How dares yon'd Pawne (vn-penaunc'd, with a Cheeke
Freſh, as her falſhood yet, where caſtigation
hath left no pale print of her viſiting anguiſh)
Appeare in this Aſſembly? (Let me alone,
Sinne muſt be bolde, 'tis all the grace, 'tis borne to)
W.K. What's this?
W.Kt. I am wonder-ſtrooke.
W.Q.P. Aſſiſt me Goodneſſe,
I ſhall to Priſon againe.

Bl. Kni. At leaſt I haue amaz'd 'em,
Scatter'd their Admirations of her Innocence,
As the fir'd ſhip put in, ſeuer'd the Fleet
In eighty eight: Ill on with't (Impudence is
Miſchiefes Patrimony) Is this Iuſtice
——Is injur'd Reuerence no ſharplier righted?
I euer held that Majeſty impartiall
That like (moſt equall heauen) lookes on the manners,
Not on the ſhapes they ſhrow'd in.
Wh. Kni. This Blacke Knight
Will neuer take an anſwer: 'tis a victory
To make him vnderſtand he doth amiſſe,
When he knowes, in his owne cleare vnderſtanding
That he doth nothing elſe; ſhowe him the teſtimony
Confirm'd by good men, how that foule Attempt
Got but this morning, to the place from whence
He dated his forg'd lines for ten dayes paſt.
Bl. Kni. Why may not the Corruption ſleepe in this
By ſome Conniuence, as you haue wak'd in ours
By too raſh confidence?
Wh. D. Ile vndertake
That Knight ſhall teach the Diuell how to lye.
Wh. Kni. If ſin were halfe ſo wiſe as impudence *Enter Bl. Q. Pawne;*
Shel'd ne're ſeeke further for an Aduocate.
Bl. Q. P. Now to act Treacherie with an Angels Tongue
Since all's come out, Ile bring him ſtrangely in againe;
Where is this injur'd Chaſtitie? this Goodneſſe?
Whoſe worth no tranſitorie Price can value?
This Rocke of conſtant and inuincible vertue?
That made ſinnes Tempeſt weary of his furie?
Bl. Q. What? is my Pawne diſtracted?
Bl. Kni. I thinke rather
There is ſome notable Maſter prize of Roguery,
The Drum ſtrikes vp for;
Bl. Q. P. Let me fall with reuerence
Before this bleſſed Altar.
Bl. Q. This is madneſſe.

Bl. Kni. Well

Bl. Kni. Well marke the end: I ſtand for Roguery ſtill:
I will not change my ſide,
Bl. Q. P. I ſhall be tax'd I know,
I care not what the Blacke Houſe thinkes of mee,
Bl. Qu. What ſay you now?
Bl. Kni. I will not be vnlaid yet.
Bl. Q. P. How any Cenſure flies: I honour Sanctitie,
That is my obiect I intend no other:
I ſaw this glorious and moſt valiant vertue,
Fight the moſt nobleſt combat with the Deuill,
Bl. Kni. If both the Biſhops had bin there for ſeconds,
It had bin a compleat Duell.
Wh. Kni. Then thou heardſt the violence intended:
Bl. Qu. P. 'Tis a Truth.
I ioy to iuſtifie I was an Agent
——On Vertues part, and rais'd that confus'd noiſe
That ſtartled his Attempt, and gaue her libertie,
Wh. Q. P. Oh tis a righteous ſtorie, ſhe hath told (Sir)
My life and fame ſtood mutually engag'd
Both to the Truth, and Goodneſſe of this Pawne.
Wh. Kni. Doth it appeare to you, yet cleare as the Sun?
Bl. Kni. 'Las I beleeu'd it long before 'twas done.
W. Kni. Degenerate.
Bl. Qu. Baſe
B. B. Perfideous.
B. D. Traiterous Pawne.
Bl. Q. P. What are you all beſides your ſelfes?
Bl. Kni. But I.
Remember that (Pawne)
Bl. Q. P. May a fearefull barrenneſſe
Blaſt both my hopes, and pleaſures, if I brought not
Her ruine in my pitty; A new Trap
For her more ſure confuſion.
Bl. Kni. Haue I won now?
Did I not ſay 'twas Craft and machination?
I ſmelt conſpiracie all the way it went,
Although the Meſſe were couer'd, I am ſo vs'd to't

B. D. That Queene would I faine finger.
B. K. You are too hot (Sir)
If ſhe were tooke, the Game would be ours quickly,
My Ayme's at that White Knight, entrap him firſt,
The Duke will follow too.
Bl. Biſh. I would that Biſhop
Were in my Dioceſſe Il'd ſoone change his whiteneſſe.
Bl. Kni. Sir, I could whip you vp a Pawne immediatly,
I know where my Game ſtands.
Bl. B. Doe ſodainely.
Aduantage leaſt, muſt not be loſt in this play.
Bl. Kni. Pawne thou art ours,
Wh. Kni. He's taken by default
By wilfull negligence: guard the ſacred Perſons:
Looke well to the White Biſhop, for that Pawne,
Gaue guard to'th Queene, and him, in the third place.
Bl. K. See what ſure peece you tooke your confidence in,
I made this Pawne here, by Corruption ours,
As ſoone as Honour, by Creation yours.
This whiteneſſe vpon him, is but the leaprouzie
Of pure diſſimulation, viewe him now, *He appeares black*
His heart and his intents are of our Cullour. *vnderneath.*
Wh. K. Moſt dangerous Hipocrite.
Wh. D. One made againſt vs.
Wh. Q. His Truth of this Complexion.
Wh. K. Hath my Goodneſſe,
Clemencie, loue and fauour gracious, rais'd thee
From a condition next to populer labour?
Tooke thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of Fortune, her moſt vnſecure Aduentures,
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And doſt thou fall from the Top bough by the rottennes
Of thy alone corruption? like a fruit,
Thats ouer ripened by the beames of fauour?
Let thine owne waight reward thee, I haue forgot thee,
Integretie of life is ſo deare to me,
Where I finde falſhood or a crying ſin,

Be it in any whome our grace ſhines moſt on,
Il'd teare 'm from my heart.
Wh. B. Spoke like heauens Subſtitute.
W K. You haue him, we can ſpare him, and his ſhame
Will make the reſt looke better to their Game.
Bl. K. The more cunning we muſt vſe then,
W. Kni. We ſhall match you,
Play how you can, perhaps and mate you too.
Fat B. Is there ſo much amazement ſpent on him
Thats but halfe blacke? there might be hope of that man:
But how will this Houſe wonder, if I ſtand forth,
And ſhowe a whole one? inſtantly diſcouer
One thats all Blacke? where ther's no hope at all?
Wh. K. Ile ſay thy hart then iuſtifies thy books.
I long for that diſcouery.
Fat Biſh. Looke no further than,
Beare witnes all the houſe, I am the Man,
And turne my ſelfe into the Blacke Houſe freely:
I am of this Side now.
Wh. K. Monſter nere matcht him.
Fat B. This is your noble worke Knight.
Bl. K. Now Ile halter him.
Fat B. Next newes you heare, expect my books againſt you
Printed at Doway, Bruxelles, or Spolletta.
Wh. K. See his goods ſeiz'd on.
Fat B. Las they were all conuaid
Laſt night by water to a Taylors houſe,
A friend to the blacke-cauſe.
Wh. K. A prepar'd hipocrite.
Wh. D. Premeditated Turne-coate. *Exeunt.*
Fat B. Yes, raile on,
Ile reach you in my writings when I am gone.
Bl. K. Flatter him a while with honours, till we put him
Vpon ſome dangerous ſeruice, and then burne him,
Bl. K. This came vnlook't for.
Bl. D. How wee ioy to ſee you.
Fat B. Now Ile diſcouer all the White Houſe to you.

Bl.D. Indeed that will both reconcile, and raiſe you. (now.

Wh. K. P. I reſt vpon you (Knight) for my aduancement

Bl.K. Oh for the ſtaffe, the ſtrong ſtaffe, that will hold,
And the red Hat fit for the guiltie Mazard:
Into the Emptie bagge; know thy firſt way
Pawnes that are loſt, are euer out of Play.

Wh. K. P. How's this?

Bl. Kni. No replications: you knowe mee
No doubt ere long, youle haue more Company
The bagge is bigge enough 'twill hold vs all. *Exeunt.*

Wh. Q. P. I ſue to thee, prithee be one of vs,
Let my loue win thee: Thou haſt done Truth, this day,
And yeſterday, many honour noble ſeruice,
The beſt Pawne of our Houſe, could not tranſcend it;

Bl. Q. P. My pitty flam'd with zeale eſpecially
When I fore-ſaw your Marriage, then it mounted.

wh. Q. P. How? Marriage?

Bl.Q.P. Thus contaminating Act!
Would haue ſpoil'd all your Fortunes: a Rope? bleſſe vs all.

Wh.Q.P. Thou talkſt of Marriage?

Bl.Q.P Yes, yes, you doe marrie
I ſaw the Man.

Wh.Q.P. The Man?

B.Q.P. An abſolute honeſt Gentleman, a compleat one
Youle ſay ſo when you ſee him; heire to three red Hatts,
Beſides his generall hopes in the Blacke Houſe.

Wh.Q.P. Why ſure thou art much miſtaken, for this Man:
I haue promis'd ſingle life, to all my affections.

Bl.Q.P. Promiſe you what you will, or I, or all on's,
Ther's a fate rules, and ouer rules vs all (me thinkes)

Wh.Q.P. Why how came you to ſee or know this Miſtery?

Bl.Q.P. A Magicall glaſſe; I bought of an Egyptian,
Whoſe ſtone retaines that Speculatiue vertue;
Preſented the man to me; Your Name brings him,
As often as I vſe it: and me thinks
I neuer haue enough; perſons and Poſtures
Are all ſo pleaſing.

Wh.Q.P.

Wh.Q.P. This is wondrous ſtrange:
The faculties of Soule are ſtill the ſame
I can feele no one Motion, tend that way.
Bl.Q.P. We doe not alwayes feele our faith we liue by
Nor euer ſee our grouth, yet both worke vpward.
Wh, Q.P. Tw'as well applide, but may I ſee him too?
Bl.Q.P. Surely you may without all doubt, or feare,
Obſeruing the right vſe, as I was taught it,
Not looking backe, or queſtioning the Spector.
W.Qu.P. Thats no hard obſeruation: truſt it with me,
I'ſt poſſible? I long to ſee this man.
Bl.Q.P. Pray follow me then, & Ile eaſe you inſtantly.

Exeunt.

Scena ſecunda. Enter a Blacke ieſting Pawne.

*Bl.*P. I would ſo faine take one of theſe White Pawns now,
I would make him doe all vnder drudgerie,
Feede him with Aſſes milke, crumb'd with Goates Cheeſe,
And all the whit meates could be deuis'd for him:
I'd make him my white Iennet, when I praunc'd
After the Blacks Knights Littour. *Enter a white Pawne.*
Wh. P. And youl'd looke then
Iuſt like the Deuill, ſtriding o're a Night-mare
Made of a Millers Daughter.
Bl. P. Were you ſo neare?
I am taken like a Blacke-bird in the great Snow,
This White Pawne grynning ouer me,
Wh. P. And now becauſe I will not foule my Clothes
Euer hereafter (for white quickly ſoyles you know)
Bl. P. I prithee get thee gone then, I ſhall ſmut thee.
Wh. P. No Ile put that to venture now I haue ſcap'd thee
Thou ſhalt doe all the durtie drudgerie
That ſlauery was ere put to.
Bl. P. I ſhall cozen you;
You may chance come, and finde your worke vndone then;
For I am too proud to labour, Ile ſtarue firſt
I tell you that before hand.

W.P. And Ile fit you then,
With a blacke Whip, that ſhall not be behinde hand.
B.P. Piſh, I haue bin vſde to whipping, I haue whipt
My ſelfe three mile out of Towne in a morning, and
I can faſt a fortnight, and make all your meate
Stinke and lye on your hand.
W.P. To preuent that,
Your foode ſhall be Black-beries, and vpon gawdy dayes
A Pickled Spider, cut out like an Anchouas:
I am not to learne a Monckyes ordinary. *Enter 2. Bl.*
Come ſir, will you friske? *Pawne.*
2. *B.P.* Soft, ſoft you: you haue no ſuch
Bargaine on't, if you looke well about you.
W.P. I am ſnap'd too, a blacke Pawne in the breech of me?
We three looke like a Bird-ſpit, a white Chicke
Betweene two ruſſet Woodcocks.
B.P. I am ſo glad of this.
W.P. But you ſhall haue but ſmall cauſe, for Ile firke you.
2.B.P. Then Ile firke you agen.
VV.P. And Ile firke him agen.
B. P. Here will be olde firking, I ſhall haue the
Worſt on't, I can firke no body: we draw
Together now; for all the world, like three flyes
With one ſtraw through their Buttocks. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia. Enter Bl. Q Pawne, and VVh. Q. Pawne.

Bl.Q. P. This is the Roome he did appeare to me in.
And (looke you) this the Magicall Glaſſe, that ſhow'd him,
W. Q.P. I finde no motion yet, what ſhould I thinke on't?
A ſuddaine feare inuades me, a faint trembling
Vnder this Omen,
As is oft felt, the panting of a Turtle
Vnder a ſtroaking hand.
B Q.P. That boads good lucke ſtill:
Signe you ſhall change ſtate ſpeedily, for that trembling,
Is alwayes the firſt Sumptome of a Bride,

For

For any vainer feares that may accompany
His Apparition, by my truth to friendſhip,
I quit you of the leaſt: neuer was Obiect
More gracefully preſented: the very Ayre,
Conſpires to doe him honour, and creates
Sweete vocall ſounds, as if a Bridegroome enter'd;
(Which argues the bleſt harmony of Loues)

VV. Q. P. And will the vſing of my Name produce him?

B. Q. P. Nay of yours onely, elſe the wonder halted:
To cleare you of that doubt, Ile put the difference
In practiſe, the firſt thing I doe, and make
His inuocation in the name of others.

VV. Q. P. I will ſatisfie me much, that.

B. Q. P. It ſhall be done.

Thou whoſe gentle Forme and Face,
Fil'd lately this Egiptique Glaſſe,
By the Emperious powerfull Name,
And the vniuerſall Fame,
Of the mighty Black houſe Queene,
I coniure thee to be ſeene.

What ſee youn, othing yet?

VV. Q. P. Not any part.
Pray trye another.

B. Q. P. You ſhall haue your will.

I double my Command and Power,
And at the inſtant of this houre,
Inuoke thee, in the VVhite Queenes Name,
VVith ſtay for Time, and ſhape the ſame.

What ſee you yet?

VV Q. P. Theres nothing ſhewes at all.

B. Q. P. My truth reflects the clearer: then now fixe
And bleſſe your faire Eye, with your owne for euer.

Thou well compos'd, by Fates hand drawne
To enioy the White Queenes Pawne
Of whom thou shalt by vertue met
Many gracefull Issues get,
By the beautie of her Fame
By the whitenesse of her Name
By her faire and fruitfull Loue,
By her Truth that mates the Doue,
By the meekenesse of her Minde,
By the softnes of her Kinde,
By the lustre of her grace, ——*Musique.*
By all these, thou art summond to this Place. *Enter*
Harke how the Aire enchanted with your praises
& his approach, those words, to sweet noates raises. } *Bl. Bs. P. as in apparition richly attired.*
Wh. Q. P. Oh Let him stay a while; a little longer.
Bl. Q. P. That's a good hearing.
Wh. Q. P. If he be mine, why should he part so soon?
B. Q. P. Why this is but the shaddow of yours: how doe you?
Wh. Q. P. Oh I did ill to giue consent to see it,
What certainety is in our blood or, State?
What we still write, is bloted out by Fate,
Our wils is like a Cause, that is Law-tost
What one Court orders, is by another crost.
B. Q. P. I finde no fit place, for this passion here,
'Tis meerely an Intruder, he is a Gentleman,
Most wishfully compos'd: honour growes on him
And wealth pil'd vp for him: 'has youth enough too.
And yet in the sobrietie of his Countenance,
Graue as a *Tetrach*: which is gracious,
In th'eie of modest pleasure: wheres the emptines?
What can you more request?
Wh. Q. P. I doe not knowe
What answer yet to make, it doth require
A meeting twixt my feare and my desire.
Bl. B. *P.* She's caught and (which is strange) by her most wronger.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

Actvs Qvartvs.

Scena prima. Enter Black Biſhops Pawne and Black Knights Pawne.

Bl. K. P. It's He (my Confeſſor) he might haue paſs'd me
Seauen yeare together, had I not by chance,
Aduanc'd mine eye vpon that letter'd Hat-band,
The Ieſuiticall Simboll, to be knowne by,
Worne by the braue Collegians by conſent,
'Tis a ſtrange habit for a Holy Father,
A Preſident of pouertie, eſpecially,
But we the Sonnes and Daughters of obedience,
Dare not once thinke awry, but muſt confeſſe our ſelues
As humbly to the Father of that Father
Long Spur and ponyard, as to the Albe, and Altar,
And happy we are ſo mightie grac'd to attaine to't,
Holy, and Reuerend.

Bl. B. P. How haſt found me out?

Bl. Kni. P. Oh Sir put on the ſparklingſt Trane of glorie,
Perfection will ſhine formoſt; and I knew you
By the Catholicke marke you weare about you,
The marke aboue your fore-head.

B. B. P. Are you grown; ſo ambitious
In your obſeruance? well your buſineſſe?
I haue my Game to followe.

Bl. Kni. P. I haue a worme
Followes me ſo, that I can follow no Game,
The moſt faint-harted Pawne (if he could ſee
His Play) might ſnap me vp at pleaſure: I deſire (Sir)
To be abſolu'd: my Conſcience being at eaſe,
I could then with more courage ply my Game.

Bl. B. P. T'was a baſe fact.

B. Kni. P. T'was to a Schiſmatike Pawne (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. What's that to the Nobilitie of Reuenge,
'Suffice I haue neither will nor power
To giue you abſolution for that violence,

Make your petition to the Pennance Chamber.
If the Tax Regiſter relieue you in't,
By the Black Biſhops Clemencie, you haue wrought out
A ſinguler peice of fauour with your money
Thats all your Refuge now. *Enter Wh. Q. Pawne and*
Bl. K. P. The thing ſhoots deeper. *Exit.* (*Bl. Q. Pawne.*
B. B. P. Yonder's my Game, which like a pollitique Cheſſ-
I muſt not ſeeme to ſee. maſter,
Wh. Q. p. Oh my heart.
Bl. Q. p. That 'tis.
Wh. Q. P. The very ſelfe ſame that the Magicall Mirrour
Preſented lately to me.
Bl. Q. p. And how like
A moſt ſtrange reguardles ſtranger he walks by,
Meerely ignorant of his Fate? you are not minded
(The principall'ſt part of him) what ſtrange Miſteries
Inſcrutable Loue workes by?
Wh. Q. P. The time you ſee
Is not yet come.
Bl. Q. P. But 'tis in our power,
To bring time nearer (Knowledge is a Maſtrie)
And make it obſerue vs, and not wee it,
Wh. Q. P. I would force nothing from it's proper vertue:
Let time haue his full courſe: I had rather dye
The modeſt death of vndiſcouer'd Loue
Then haue heauens leaſt and loweſt Seruant ſuffer.
Or in his motion receaue Checke for me:
How is my ſoules grow'th alter'd, that ſingle life,
(the fitteſt garment that Peace euer made for't)
Is growne too ſtreight, too ſtubborne on the ſodaine.
Bl. Q. P. He comes this way againe.
Wh. Q. p. Oh ther's a Traytor
Leap'd from my heart, into my Cheeke already,
That will betray all to his powerfull eye
If it but glaunce vpon me.
Bl. Q. p. By my veritie
Looke, he's paſt by agen, drown'd in neglect,

Without

Without the prosperous hint of so much happinesse,
To looke vpon his Fortune: how close Fate,
Seales vp the Eye of humaine vnderstanding,
Till like the Suns Flowre, time and loue vncloses it!
Twere pitty he should dwell in ignorance longer.

Wh. Q. p. What will you doe?

Bl. Q. p. Yes dye a bashfull death, doe,
And let the remedie passe by vnus'd still:
You 'are chang'd enough already (if you would looke in to't)
Absolute (Sir) with your most noble pardon
For this my rude Intrusion, I am bold
To bring the Knowledge of a secret nearer,
By many dayes (Sir) then it would arriue
In i'ts owne proper reuelation, with you:
Pray turne, and fix, do you knowe yon'd noble Goodnes?

Bl. B. p. 'Tis the first minute mine Eye blest me with her,
And clearely shewes how much my Knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.

Bl. Q. p. She's to be like'd then:
'Pray view aduisedly: there is strong reason,
That I am so bold to vrge it, you must ghesse,
The worke concernes you nearer then you thinke for.

Bl. B. p. Her glorie and the wonder of this secret,
Puts a reciprocall amazement on me.

Bl. Q. p. And ti's not without worth; You two must be
Better acquainted.

Bl. B. p. Is there Cause? affinitie
Or any curteous helpe Creation ioyes in,
To bring that forward?

Bl. Q. p. Yes, yes, I can shewe you
The neerest way to that perfection,
(Of a most vertuous one) that Ioye ere found
'Pray marke her once againe: then followe me,
And I will shewe you her must be your wife (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. The misterie extends, or els Creation
Hath set that Admirable Piece before vs,
To choose our chaste delights by.

Bl. Q. P. Pleaſe you followe (Sir?)

Bl. B. P. What Art haue you to put me on an Obiect
And cannot get me off? tis paine to part from't. now,

W. Q. P. If there proue no Check in that Magicall glaſſe
But my proportion come as faire and full
Into his Eye, as his into mine lately,
Then I am confirm'd, he is mine owne for euer.

Bl. B. P. The very ſelfe ſame that the Mirror bleſt me with,
From head to foot, the Beautie and the habit.
Kept you this place ſtill? did you not remooue Lady,

W. Q. P. Not a foot further (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. I'ſt poſſible!
I would haue ſworne, I had ſeene the ſubſtance yonder,
T'was to that luſtre, to that life preſented.

W. Q. P. Euen ſo was yours to me (Sir.)

Bl. B. P. Sawe you mine?

W. Q. P. Perfectly cleere: no ſooner my Name vs'd
But yours appear'd.

Bl. B. P. Iuſt ſo did yours at mine now.

Bl. Q. P. Why ſtand you idle will you let Time couzen you?
Protracting Time of thoſe delicious benefits
That Fate hath work'd to you? you modeſt Paire
Of bluſhing Gamſters and you (Sir) the baſhful'ſt,
I cannot flatter a foule fault in any.
Can you be more then Man, and wife aſſign'd?
And by a powre the moſt irrecouerable?
Others, that be Aduenturers in delight,
May meet with croſſes chance, or ſeparation;
You know the minde of Fate, you muſt be coupled.

Bl. Q. P. She ſpeaks but truth in this: I ſee no reaſon then,
That we ſhould miſſe the reliſh of this night,
But that we are both ſhame-fac'd.

W. Q. P. How this night (Sir?)
Did not I know you muſt be mine, and thetein
Your priuiledge runnes ſtrong; for that looſe Motion
You neuer ſhould be. Is it not my Fortune
To match with a pure minde? then am I miſerable:

The

The Doues, and all chaft louing wing'd Creatures
Haue their paires fit: their desites iuſtly mated.
Is woman more vnfortunate; A Virgin
(The May of woman) Fate that hath ordain'd (Sir)
we ſhould be both man and wife, hath not giuen warrant
For any Act of Knowledge, till we are ſo.

Bl. B p. Tender Ey'd Modeſtie; how it giues at this?
I'am as farre off, for all this ſtrange Impoſture,
As at firſt enter-view: where lyes our Game now?
You know I cannot be married by mine Order.

Bl. Q. p. I know you cannot Sir, yet you may venture
Vpon a Contract.

Bl. B. p. Hah!

Bl. Q. p. Surely you may (Sir)
Without all queſtion ſo farre, without danger
Or any ſtaine to your vowe, and that may take her:
Nay do't with ſpeed ſhe'll thinke you meane the better too.

Bl. B. p. Be not ſo lauiſh of that bleſſed Spring;
You haue waſted that, vpon a cold occaſion now,
Would waſh a ſinfull ſoule white: By our Loue ioyes
That motion ſhall nere light vpon my Tongue more;
Till we are contracted: then I hope you are mine?

W. Q. p. In all iuſt dutie euer.

Bl. Q. p. Then, Doe you queſtion it?
'Piſh then you are Man and wife, all but Church Ceremony,
I pray lets ſee that done firſt; She ſhall doe reaſon then;
Now Ile enioy the Sport: and cozen you both.
My Bloods game is the wages I haue work't for. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda. Enter Black Knight and his Pawne.

Bl. K. Pawne, I haue ſpoke to thee Fat Biſhop for thee
Ile get thee Abſolution from his owne mouth.
Reach me my Chaire of eaſe, my Chaire of Couzenage,
Seauen thouſand pounds, in women, reach me that,
I loue of life to ſit vpon a Bancke,
Of Hereticke gold (oh ſoft and gently (Sirha)

Thers a foule Flawe i'th bottome of my Drum (Pawne)
I nere ſhall make ſound Souldier, but ſound Treacher
With any He in Europe; How now (Qualme)
Thou haſt the Puking'ſt ſoule that ere I met with;
It cannot beare one ſuckling Villanie:
Mine can digeſt a Monſter, without crudilie,
A Sin as weightie as an Elephant
And neuer wamble for't.

Bl.K.P. I you haue bin vs'd to't (Sir)
That's a great helpe: the ſwallow of my conſcience
Hath but a narrow paſſage, You muſt thinke yet
It lies i'th penitent Pipe, and will not downe:
If I had got ſeauen thouſand pounds by offices,
And gul'd downe that, the Bore would haue bin bigger.

Bl.Kni. Nay, if thou prou'ſt facetious, I ſhall hug thee.
Can a ſoft, reare, poore pouch'd Iniquitie
So ride vpon thy conſcience: I am aſham'd of thee,
Hadſt thou betraid the White Howſe, to the Blacke,
Beggerd a Kingdome by diſſimulation;
Poiſon'd Allegeance, ſet Faith backe, and wrought
Womens ſoft ſoules euen vp to Maſculine malice
To purſue Truth to death; if the Cauſe rowz'd 'em
That Stares and Parrots, are firſt taught to curſſe thee.

Bl. Kni.P. I marrie Sir, heer's ſwapping ſinnes indeed.

Bl.Kni. All theſe, and ten times trebled hath this Braine
Bin Parent to, they are my Oſſprings all.

Bl.Kni.P. A goodly brood.

Bl.Kni. Yet I can ieſt as titelie,
Laugh and tell ſtirring ſtories, to Court Madams
Daughters of my Seducement, with alacritie
As high and harty as youthes time of Innocence,
That neuer knew a Sinne to ſhape a ſorrow by,
I feele no Tempeſt, not a leaſe-winde ſtirring
To ſhake a fault; my conſcience is becalm'd rather. (Sir.)

Bl.K.P. I am ſure there is a whirle-winde, huffes in mine

Bl.K. (Sirrha) I haue ſold the Groom of the Stoole ſix times,
And receiu'd money of ſix ſeuerall Ladies,

Ambitious to take place of Baronets Wiues:
To thee olde Mummey-Matrons, I haue promis'd
The Mother-ſhip 'oth Maids: I haue taught our friends too,
To conuey *White-Houſe* Golde to our *Blacke-Kingdome*,
In colde bak'd Paſties, and ſo cozen Searchers:
For venting hallowed Oyle, Beades, Medals, Pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in priuate Preſſes,
That's done by one in th'habit of a Pedler,
Letters conuay'd in Rowles, Tobacco balls:
When a reſtraint comes, by my politique counſell,
Some of our *Ieſuites* turned Gentlemen Vſhers,
Some Faulkners, ſome Parke-keepers, and ſome Huntſmen;
One tooke the ſhape of an olde Ladies Cooke once
And diſpatcht two Chares, on a Sunday morning,
The Alter, and the Dreſſer. Pray what vſe
Put I my Summer Recreation to?
But more to informe my knowledge in the State,
And ſtrength of the *White Kingdome*: No Fortification,
Hauen, Creeke, Landing place, about the *White Coaſt*,
But I got draught and platforme; and learn'd the depth
Of all their Channels, knowledge of all Sands,
Shelues, Rockes, and Riuers, for inuaſion prop'reſt:
A Catologue of all the Nauie-Royall;
The burthen of each Ship, the Braſſie Murderers;
The number of the men, to what Cape bound.
Againe, for the diſcouery of the In-lands,
Neuer a Shire, but the ſtate better knowne
To me, then to her beſt Inhabitants;
What power of Men, and Horſe, Gentries, Reuenues:
Who well affected to our ſide, who ill;
Who neither well nor ill: all the Neutrality,
Thirty eight thouſand ſoules, haue bin ſeduc'd (Pawne)
Since the Gaoles vomited with the Pill I gaue 'em.

Bl. K. P. Sure you put Oyle of Toade in that phiſique (Sir).

Bl. K. I am now about a Maſter-piece of play,
To entrap the *White Knight*, and with falſe alurements,
Entice him to the *Blacke-Houſe*: more will follow;

Whilſt

Whilſt our Fat Biſhop ſets vpon the Queene,
Then will our Game lye ſweetly. *Enter Fat Biſhop*

Bl.Kni. P. Hee's come now Sir.

Fat Biſh. Here's *Taxa Penitentiaria* (Knight)
The Booke *of Generall Pardons, of all prices.*
I haue bin ſearching for his Sin this halfe howre,
And canno: light vpon't.

Bl.K. That's ſtrange: Let me ſee't.

*Bl.K.*P. Wretched that I am; hath my rage done that,
There is no Preſident of Pardon for?

B. *K. For Willfull Murder, thirteene pound foure ſhillings*
And ſixe pence, (that's reaſonable cheape) *For killing,*
Killing, killing, killing killing, killing.
Why here's nothing but *killing* (Biſhop) on this ſide.

Fat Biſh. Turne the Sheete ouer, and you ſhall finde *A-*
And other triuiall Sinnes. (*dulterie,*

Bl.K. Adulterie!
Oh, I am in't now: *For Adulterie, a couple of ſhillings,*
And for Fornication, fiue pence, (theſe are too good
Penny-worths; I cannot ſee how a man can mend
Himſelfe) *For lying with Mother, Siſter and Daughter:*
(I marry Sir) *thirtie three pounds, three ſhillings three*
Pence. The Sinnes gradation right: paid all in *Threes* too.

Fat Biſh. You haue read the Storie of that Monſter (Sir)
That got his Daughter, Siſter, and his Wife,
Of his owne Mother.

Bl.K. Symony, nine pound.

Fat Biſh. They may thanke me for that, .twas nineteene
Before I came, I haue mittigated many of the Sinnes.

Bl. K. Sodomie, ſixe pence: (You ſhould put that ſumme
Euer on the backſide of your Booke (Biſhop)

Fat Biſh. There's few on's very forward Sir.

Bl.K. What's here (Sir) two olde Preſidents of Encourage-
Fat Biſh. I, thoſe are ancient Notes, (ment.

Bl.K. *Giuen as a Gratuity for the killing of an Heriticall*
Prince with a poyſond knife, Duccats fiue thouſands.

Fat Biſh. True Sir, that was paid,

B. *K. Promis'd*

Bl.K. Promis'd alſo to Doctor Lopes *for poyſoning the Maydē Queene of the* White Kingdome, *Duccats twenty thouſand: Which ſaid ſum was afterwards giuen (as a meritorius Almes) To the Nunnery at* Lisbon, *hauing at this preſent ten thouſand Pounds more at vſe, in the Towne-houſe of* Antwerpe.

B.K. P. What's all this to my Conſcience? Worthy Ho-
I ſue for pardon; I haue brought money with me. (lineſſe,

Fat B. You muſt depart, you ſee there is no preſident
Of any price, or pardon for your fact.

B.K. P. Moſt miſerable, are fowler ſinnes remitted?
Killing, nay *wilfull Murder*?

Fat B. True: there's inſtance;
Were you to kill him, I would pardon you;
There's preſident for that, and price ſet downe:
But none for *Guelding*.

B.K.P. I haue pick'd out vnderſtanding now for euer,
Out of that Cabiliſtique bloody Riddle:
Ile make away all my State, and kill him; *Enter B.King.*
And by that act obtaine full Abſolution. *Exit.*

B.K. Why Biſhop: Knight, where's your remoues? your
Stand you now idle in the heate of Game? (traps?

Bl.K. My life for yours *Blacke Soueraigne* the Game's ours,
I haue wrought vnder hand for the *White Knight*,
And his braue Duke, and finde 'em comming both.

Fat B. Then for their Sanctimonius Queens, ſurprize all (Sir)
In that State-puzzell and diſtracted hurry,
Truſt my arch ſubtilty with.

Bl. Kni. Oh Eagle pride!
Neuer was Game more hopefull of our ſide.

Bl. K. If Biſhops Bull-beiſe be not ſnatch'd at next bout,
As the men ſtand, Ile neuer truſt Art more. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. Enter as in a dumbe ſhew, Black-Queenes Pawn *with a Taper, conducts the W.P. to one Chamber, then conuaies the Blacke Biſh. Pawne into another Chamber, and putting out the light, followes him.*

Scena Quarta. Enter White Knight and White Duke.

Wh. Kni. True noble Duke, faire Vertue moſt endeer'd on;
Let vs preuent their ranke inſinuation,
With truth of Cauſe and courage, meete their plots,
With confident goodnes that ſhall ſtrike 'm groueling.
W. D. Sir, all the Iyns, Traps, and alluring Snares
The Deuill hath bin at worke (ſince Eighty Eight) on
Are layde for the great hope of this Game onely.
Wh. K. Why, the more noble will Truthes triumph be,
When they haue wound about our conſtant courages,
The glittering Serpent that ere falſhood faſhion' d
And glorying moſt in his reſplendant poyſons,
Iuſt heauen can finde a Bolt to bruiſe his head.
Wh. D. Looke, would you ſee deſtruction lye a ſunning?
In yonder ſmile ſits blood and treachery basking *Enter Bl.*
In that perfideous modell of falce falſhood: *Knight.*
Hell is drawne grinning.
Wh. K. What a paine it is
For Truth to faine a little,
Bl. K. O faire Knight!
The riſing glory of that Houſe of Candor;
Haue I ſo many proteſtations loſt?
Loſt? loſt quite loſt, am I not worth your confidence?
I that haue vow'd the faculties of Soule,
Life, Spirit, and Braine, to your ſweete Game of Youth?
(Your noble fruitfull Game) can you miſtruſt
Any foule play in me, that haue bin euer
The moſt ſubmiſſe obſeruer of your vertues,
And no way tainted with ambition,
Saue onely to be thought you firſt admirer?
How often haue I chang'd for your delight
The royall preſentation of my place
Into a mimicke Ieſture? and become
(For your ſake, and th'expulſion of ſad thoughts)
Of a graue State Sir, a light Sonne of paſtime?
Made threeſcore yeares a Tom-boy, a meere Wanton.

Ile

Ile tell you what I tolde a *Sonoy* Dame once,
New wed, High, Plumpe, and lufting for an Iſſue:
Within the yeare I promis'd her a Childe,
If ſhe could ſtride ouer Saint *Rumbants* breeches
(A Relique kept at *Mechlin*) the next morning
One of my Followers olde Hoſe was counayde
Into her Chamber, where ſhe tride the feate
By that, and a Court friend, after grew great.

Wh. K. Why who could be without thee?

B. K. I will change
To any ſhape topleaſe you, and my ayme
Hath bin to win your loue in all this Game.

W. K. Thou haſt it nobly, and we long to ſee
The *Blacke-Houſe* Pleaſure, State and Dignity,

Bl. K. Of Honour, you'l ſo ſurfeit and delight,
You'l nere deſire againe to ſee the *VVhite*. *Exit,* *Enter*

W. Q. My Loue, my hope, my deareſt, oh he's gone! *W. Q.*
Enſnar'd, entrapt, ſurpriz'd amongſt the black ones:
I neuer felt extreamity like this;
Thicke darkeneſſe dwels vpon this houre: Integrity
Like one of heauens bright Luminaries now,
(By Errours dulleſt Ellement interpos'd) *Enter Fat Biſhop.*
Suffers a blacke Eccliſe: I neuer was
More ſicke of Loue then now I am of horrour:
I ſhall be taken: the Games loſt, I'm ſet vpon:
Oh! 'tis the turne-coate Biſhop, haning watcht
Th'aduantage of his Play, comes now to ceize on me:
Oh I am hard beſet, diſtreſs'd moſt miſerably!

Fat Biſh. Tis vaine to ſtirre, remoue which way you can:
I take you now, this is the time we haue hop'd for:
Queene you muſt downe.

W. Q. No Reſcue, no Deliuer?

Fat B. The *Blacke Kings* blood burnes for thy proſtitutiō,
And nothing but the ſpring of thy chaſte Vertue
Can coole his inflamation: Inſtantly
He dyes vpon a pluriſie of Luxurie,
If he deflowre thee not —— *Enter VVh. Biſh.*

W. Q. Oh ſtreight of miſery!
*W.*B. And is your Holineſſe his diuine procurer?
Fat B. The Diuels in't, I am taken by a Ring-doue:
Where ſtood this Biſhop that I ſaw him not?
Wh. B. You were ſo ambitious you lookt ouer me,
You aym'd at no leſſe perſon then the Queene,
The glory of the Game; if ſhe were won,
The way were open to the Maſter-Cheque,
Which (looke you) he, and his, liues to giue you: *Enter*
Honour and Vertue guide him in his ſtation. *VVh. King.*
W.Q. Oh my ſafe ſanctuary!
Wh.K. Let Heauens bleſſings
Be mine no longer, then I am thy ſure one:
The Doues houſe is not ſafer in the Rocke,
Then thou in my firme boſome.
W.Q. I am bleſs'd in't.
Wh. K. Is it that lumpe of rancke Ingratitude,
Sweld with the poyſon of Hypocriſie?
Could he be ſo malicious? Hath pertaken
Of the ſweete firtle bleſſings of our Kingdome?
Biſhop, thou haſt done our *VVhite Houſe* gracious ſeruice,
And worthy the faire reuerence of thy place:
For (thee *Blacke Holineſſe*) that work'ſt out thy death,
As the blinde Moule the prop'reſt Sonne of Earth,
Who in the caſting his ambitious hills vp,
Is often taken, and deſtroy'd i'th midſt
Of his aduanc'd worke. 'Twere well with thee,
If (like that verminous labourer, which thou imitat'ſt
In hills of pride and malice) when death puts thee vp,
The ſilent Graue might proue thy Bag for euer:
(No deeper pit then that) for thy vaine hope
Of the *White Knight*, and his moſt firme aſſiſtant:
Two Princely peeces, which I know thy thoughts
Giue loſt for euer now) my ſtrong aſſurance
Of their fix'd vertues, could you let in Seas
Of populous vntruthes, againſt that Forte,
'T would burſt the proudeſt Billowes.

W.Q. My

W.Q. My fear's paſt then,

W.K. Feare? You neuer were guilty of an iniury.
To Goodnes, but in that.

W.Q. It ſtaid not with me (Sir).

Wh. K. It was too much, if it vſurp'd a thought
Place a Good Guard there.

Wh.Q. Confidence is ſet (Sir.)

Wh. K. Take that Prize hence: Goe (Reuerend of Men)
Put Coueteouſnes into the Bagge againe.

Fat B. The Bagge had need be ſound, or it goes to wracke
Sin and my waight will make a ſtrong one cracke;

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scena prima. Enter Blacke Knight and the Blacke Biſhops Pawne (aboue).

Bl.K. Hold, hold, Is the Blacke Biſhops Pawne the Ieſuite
Planted aboue, for his courſe Oration?

Bl. B. P. *Ecce triumphanti, Me fixum Cæſaris Arte.*

Bl. K. Art there (my holy Boy?) Sirha; Biſhop Tumbrell
Is ſnap i'th bagge by this time.

Bl.B.P. Heretici pereant ſic. } *Enter Bl.K. Q. D.K. and Wh. Kni. and D.*

Bl.K. All Latin? Sure the Oration hath infected him
Away, away make haſt: they are comming.

Bl.B.p. Siquid mortalibus, vnquam oculis hilarem
Et gratum aperuit diem: Si quid per amantibus
Amicorum Animis gaudium attulit, peperitue
Lætitiam (Eques candidiſſime) prælucentiſſime,
Felicem profecto tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum
Nigritudinis Acceſſum promiſſiſſe, peperiſſe, attuliſſe fatemur;
Omnes aduentus Tui Conflagrantiſſimi, omni qua
Poſſimus lætitia, Gaudio, Congratulatione, Acclamatione
Animis obſeruantiſſimis, Affectibus deuotiſſimis, obſequijs
Venerabundis Te Soſpitim congratulamur.

Bl.K. (Sir) in this ſhort Congratulatorie ſpeech
You may conceaue how the whole Houſe affects you

Bl.Kni. The Colledges and Sanctimonious Seed-Plots.

W. Kni. 'Tis cleare, and ſo acknowledg'd, (Royall Sir)

Bl. K. What Honours, pleaſures, Rarities, Delights,
Your noble thought can thinke.
Bl. Q. Your faire Eye fixed on
Thats comprehended in the ſpacious circuit
Of our Blacke Kingdome, they are your Seruants all.
Wh. K. How amplie you indeere vs ? (Giuer
Wh. D. They are fauours that equally enrich the Royall
As the Receiuer in the free Donation.
Bl. Kni. Harke, *Muſick: An Altar is diſcouered with Tapers & diuers Images about it.*
To enlarge your welcome: from all parts
Is heard ſweet-ſounding aires abſtruſe things open
Of voluntarie freenes: And yon Alter
(The ſeate of adoration) ſeemes t'adore
The Vertues you bring with you.
Wh. Kni. Ther's a taſt
Of the old veſſell ſtill.

SONG.

Wonder worke ſome ſtrange delight
(This place was neuer yet without)
To welcome thee the faire White Houſe Knight,
And to bring our hopes about,
May from the Altar Flames aſpire
Thoſe Tapers ſet themſelues on fire.
May ſenſeles things our ioyes approue *The Images*
And thoſe Brazen Statues moue *moue in a*
Quickend by ſome Power aboue *Dance.*
Or what more ſtrange to ſhew our Loue.

Bl. Kni. A happie Omen waytes vpon this houre
All moue portentuouſly the Right-hand way
Bl. K. P. Come let's ſet free all the moſt choiſe delights
That euer adorn'd Dayes or quicken'd Nights. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda. Enter ſeuerally Wh. Queenes Pawne and the Blacke Biſhops Pawne in his reuerend habit.

W. Q. P. I ſee twa's but a Triall of my Dutie now

Hath

Hath a moſt modeſt minde, and in that vertue
Moſt worthily hath Fate prouided for me;
Hah! ti's the bad-man in the Reuerend habit
Dares he be ſeene againe: Traytor to Holines?
Oh marble fronted Impudence, and knowes,
How ill 'hath vs'd me? I am aſham'd he bluſhes not.

B.B.P. Are you yet ſtoard with any womans pittie
Are you the Miſtris of ſo much Deuotion
Kindnes and Charitie, as to beſtowe
An Almes of Loue on your poore ſufferer yet
For your ſake onely?

W.Q.P. Sir for the reuerend reſpect you ought
To giue to Sanctitie (though none to me)
In being her Seruant vow'd and weare her Liuorie,
If I might Counſell, you ſhould neuer ſpeake:
The language of vnchaſtnes in that habit:
You would not thinke how ill it doth with you
The worlds a Stage, on which all parts are plaid
You would thinke it moſt abſurd to ſee a Deuill
Preſented there not in a Deuils ſhape
Or wanting one to ſend him out in yours,
You would raile at that for an abſurditie
No Colledge ere committed: for Decorum ſake then,
For pitties Cauſe: for ſacred Vertues honour,
If you'l perſiſt ſtill, in your Deuills part,
Preſent him as you ſhould do: And let one
That carries vp the goodnes of the play
Come in that habit, and Ile ſpeake with him
Then will the parts be fitted, and the Spectators
Know which is which: they muſt haue cunning Iudgement,
To finde it elſe; for ſuch a one as you
Is able to deceiue a mightie Audience,
Nay thoſe you haue ſeduc'd (if there be any
In the Aſſembly) if they ſee what manner
You play your Game with me, they cannot loue you.
Is there ſo little hope of you to ſmile (Sir)

B.B.P. Yes at your feares; at th'Ignorance of your power

The

The little vſe you make of time, Youth, Fortune:
Knowing you haue a Husband for luſts ſhelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friends comfort:
This is the plague of weaknes.
Wh. Q. P. So hot burning
The Sillables of Sin, flie from his lips
As if the Letter came new laſt from hell
Bl. Well, ſetting aſide the diſh you loath ſo much
(Which hath bin heartily taſted by your betters)
I come to marrie you to the Gentleman
That laſt enioy'd you: I hope that pleaſes you?
Ther's no immodeſt Reliſh in that Office.
Wh. Q. P. Strange of all men he ſhould firſt light on him
To tye that holy Knot that ſought to vndoe me,
Were you requeſted to performe that buſines (Sir)
Bl. B. P. I name you a ſure token.
W. Q. P. As for that (Sir)
Now you are moſt welcome; and my faire hopes of you
Youl'd neuer breake the ſacred Knot you tye once
With any lewd ſolliciting hereafter.
Bl. B. P. But all the crafts in getting of it knit,
You are all on fire to make your cozening Market
I am the Marrier, and the man, doe you know me?
Doe you know me Nice Iniquititie: ſtrict Luxurie?
And holy whoredome? that would clap on Marriage
With all hot ſpeed to ſolder vp your Game:
See what a ſcourge Fate hath prouided for thee:
You were a Maid ſweare ſtill; you are no worſe now:
I left you as I found you; haue I ſtartled you?
I am quit with you now for my diſcouerie,
Your out-cries and your Cunnings, farewell Broakage.
Wh. Q. P. Nay ſtay and heare me, but giue thanks a little,
If your Eare can endure a worke ſo gracious
Then you may take your pleaſure.
Bl. Q. P. I haue done that.
W. Q. P. That powre that hath preſerv'd me from this Diuell
Bl. B. P. How?

This

Wh.Q.P. This, that may challenge the chiefe Chaire in hell,
And ſit aboue his Maſter?

Bl. B.P. Bring in merit:

W.Q.P. That ſuffered ſt him, through blinde luſt to be led
Laſt night, to the action of ſome common Bed.

Bl.Q.p. Not ouer common neither. ——— *Black Queens Pawne within.*

Bl.B.P. Hah! what voyce is that?

W.Q.p. Of Virgins be thou euer honored.

Now you may goe, you heare I haue giuen thankes (Sir)

B.B.P. Here's a ſtrange Game: did not I lye with you?

B.Q.P. Noe. ——— *Within.*

B.B.P. What the deuill art thou?

Wh.Q.p. I will not anſwer you (Sir)
After thankes giuing.

Bl.B.P. Why, you made promiſe to me
After the Contract.

Bl.Qu.p. Yes. ——— *within.*

B.B.P. Miſchiefe confound thee,
I ſpeake not to thee: And you were prepar'd for't,
And ſet your Ioyes more high,

B.Q.P. Then you could reach Sir. ——— *within.*

B.B.P. This is a bawdy Pawne, Ile ſlit the throate on't.

B.Q.P. What? offer violence to your Bedfellow? *Enter*
To one that workes ſo kindely, without Rape? B.Q.P.

B.B.P. My Bedfellow!

Bl.Q.P. Doe you Plant your ſcorne againſt me?
Why, when I was *Probationer* at *Bruxells*,
That Engine was not knowne; Then adoration
Fil'd vp the place, and wonder was in faſhion.
Is't turn'd to the wilde Seed of contempt ſo ſoone?
Can fiue yeares ſtamp a Bawde? pray looke vpon me (Sir)
I haue youth enough to take it, 'tis no longer,
Since you were chiefe Agent for the tranſportation
Of Ladyes Daughters: if you be remembred,
Some of their Portions I could name; who purſs'd 'em too:
They were ſoone diſpoſſeſt of worldly cares,
That came into your fingers.

Bl. B.P. Shall I heare her?

Bl.Q.p. Holy diriſion, yes, till thy eare ſwell

With thine own venome, thy prophane life's vomit:
Whose Niece was she, you poyson'd with Childe twice,
And gaue her out possess'd with a foule Spirit
When 'twas indeed your Bastard?

Bl. B.P. I am taken. *Enter White*
In mine owne toyles. *Bishops Pawne.*

Wh.B.P. Yes, and 'tis iust you should be.

W. Q.P. And thou (lewde *Pawne*) the shame of Woman-(hood,

*Bl.*B.P. I am lost of all hands.

B.*Q.P.* And I cannot feele
The weight of my perdition: now he's taken,
It hath not the burthen of a Grashopper.

Bl.B.P. Thou Whoore of order, Cockatrice in *Veto*,

*B.K.*P. Yon's the *White Bishops P.* Ile play at's heart now.

W.Q. P. How now blacke Villaine! wouldst thou heape a
On thy first foule offence? O merciles bloodhound! (murder
'Tis time that thou wert taken.

*B.K.*P. How? Preuented?

*W.Q.*P. For thy sake, and that partner in thy shame,
Ile neuer know man further then by Name. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia. *Enter Blacke King, Queene, Kni. Du. Bish. and VVhite Knight, and VVhite Duke.*

W.K. You haue enricht my knowledge (Noble Sir),
And my content together.

Bl.K. 'Steed of Riot
We set you onely welcome: surfeit is
A thing that's seldome heard of in these partes.

Wh.K. I heare of the more vertue, when I misse on't.

Bl.Kni. We doe not vse to burie in our Bellies
Two hundred thousand Duccats, and then boast on't;
Or exercise th'olde Romane painfull Idleneese,
With care of fetching Fishes far from home,
The Golden-headed *Corazine* out of *Ægypt*;
The *Salpa* from *Eleusis*; or the *Pelamis*
(which some call *Sommer VVhiting*) from *Calcedon*;
Salmons from *Aquitane*; *Helops* from *Rhodes*;
Cockles from *Chios*, frank'd and fatted vp;

With

With *Far* and *Sapa*; Flower and cockted Wine.
We cram no Birds, nor (*Epicidean*-like)
Encloſe ſome Creeks o'th Sea, as *Sergius Crata* did.
He that inuented the firſt ſtewes, for Oyſters,
And other Sea-fiſh: who beſides the pleaſure of his,
Owne throat; got large Reuenues by the Inuention
Whoſe fat example the Nobilitie followed;
Nor doe wee imitate that Arch Gurmandizer,
With two and twentie courſes, at one Dinner
And betwixt euery courſe, he and his Gueſts
Waſh'd and vs'd women, then ſat downe and ſtrengthned
Luſt ſwimming in their diſhes; which no ſooner
Was taſted, but was ready to be vented.
Wh. K. Moſt impious Epicures.
Bl. K. We commend rather
(Of two extreames) the Parſimonie of *Pertinax*,
Who had halfe Lettiſſes ſet vp to ſerue againe.
Or his Succeſſor *Iulian* that would make
Three meales of a Leane Hare: and after ſup
With a greene Figge and wipe his Beard (as we can)
The old Bewaylers of Exceſſe, in thoſe dayes
Complain'd there was more Coyne bid for a Cooke
Then for a Warre-horſe: but now Cookes are purchas'd
After the rate of Triumphs; and ſome diſhes
After the rate of Cookes, which muſt needs make
Some of your White Houſe Gormendizers, ſpecially
Your wealthie plump Plebians like the Hogges
Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not moue for fat
So inſenſible of either pricke or Goad,
That Myce made holes to needle in their Buttockes
And they nere felt 'em: There was once a Ruler
Cyrenes Gouernour; choaked with his owne paunch,
Which death, fat *Sanetius* King of Caſtile, fearing
Through his infinite maſſe of Belly, rather choſe
To be kild ſodainely by a pernicious herbe
Taken to make him leane; which old *Cordoba*
King of *Morocco*, counſel'd his feare to,
Then he would hazard to be ſtrucke to death,
As that Huge Cormorant that was choak'd before him.

W.K. Well you are as ſound a Spoakes-man (Sir) for Parſi-
Cleane abſtinence, and ſcarce one meale a day, (monie,
As euer ſpake with tongue.

Bl. K. Cenſure him mildely Sir;
'Twas but to finde diſcourſe.

B. Q. Hee'l raiſe of any thing.

W.K. I ſhall be halfe afraid to feed hereafter.

VV.D. Or I (beſhrew my heart) for I feare fatnes,
(The fog of fatnes) as I feare a Dragon:
The Comlineſſe I wiſh for, that's as glorious. (Sir)

VV.K. Your courſe is wondrous ſtrict: I ſhould tranſgreſſe
Were I to change my ſide (as you haue much wrought me)

Bl.K. How you miſprize! this is not meant to you-ward:
You that are woond vp to the height of feeding,
By Clime and cuſtome, are diſpenc'd withall:
You may eate Kid, Cabrito, Calfe, and Ton's,
Eate, and eate euery day twice if you pleaſe.
Nay, the Frank'd Hen (fatned with Milke and Corne)
A Riot which the Inhabitants of *Delos*
Were firſt Inuenters of: Or the cramb'd Cockle.

VVh. K. Well, for the Food I am happily reſolu'd in,
But for the dyet of my diſpoſition,
There comes a trouble you will hardely finde
Foode to pleaſe that.

Bl.Kni. It muſt be a ſtrange Nature
We cannot finde a Diſh for, hauing *Policie*
(The Maſter Cooke of Chriſtendome) to dreſſe it.
Pray name your Natures dyet?

VVh.K. The firſt Meſſe
Is hot Ambition.

Bl.Kni. That's but ſeru'd in puff-paſte:
Alas, the meaneſt of our Cardinals Cookes
Can dreſſe that Dinner: Your Ambition (Sir)
Can fetch no further compaſſe then the World?

VVh.K. That's certaine (Sir)

Bl. K. We are about that already,
And in the large Feaſt of our vaſt Ambition,
We count but the *VVhite Kingdome* (whence you come from)
The Garden for our Cooke, to picke his Sallads:

The Foods, leane *France* larded with *Germany*;
Before which comes the graue, chaft Signorie
Of *Venice*, ſeru'd in (Capon-like) in White-broth:
From our chiefe Ouen *Italy* the Bake meats:
Sauoy the Salte: *Genena* the chip'd Manchet.
Belowe the Salt, the Netherlands are plac'd;
A common Diſh at lower end a'th Table,
For meaner pride to fall to. For our ſecond Courſe,
A Spit of *Portugals* ſeru'd in for Plouers:
Indians and *Mores* for Blackbirds: All this while
Holland ſtands ready melted to make Sawce,
On all occaſions, when the Voyder comes:
And with ſuch Cheere, our full hopes we ſuffice;
Zealand ſayes Grace (for faſhion) then we riſe.

VVh. K. Heer's Meat enough on conſcience for Ambition,

Bl.Kni. If there be any want, there's *Switzerland*,
Polonia, and ſuch pickled thinges will ſerue
To furniſh out the Table.

VVh.Kni. You ſay well (Sir)
But heer's the miſery, when I haue ſtop'd the mouth
Of one Vice, there's another gapes for food:
I am as couetous as a barren wombe,
The Graue, or what's more rauenous?

Bl. Kni. We are for you (Sir)
Call you that haynous that's good Husbandry?
Why, we make money of our Faiths, our Prayers;
We make the very Death-bed buy her Comforts
Moſt deerely pay for all their pious Counſels;
Leaue rich Reuenues for a few weake *Orizons*;
Or elſe they paſſe vnreconſil'd without 'em.
Did you but view the Vaults within our Monaſteries,
You would ſweare then *Plutus* (which the Fiction calls
The Lord of Riches) were entoomb'd within 'em.

Wh.K. Is't poſſible!

Bl.D. You cannot walke for Tunnes.

VV.D. But how ſhall I beſtow the Vice I bring (Sirs)
You quite forget me, I ſhall be ſhut out
By your ſtrict Key of life?

Bl.K. Is your's ſo yilde (Sir?)

Wh.D. Some

Wh.D. Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton on't
Call it infirmitie of Blood, Fleſh frailety,
But certaine ther's a worſe name in your bookes for't.
Bl. K. The Trifle of all vices, the meere Innocent
The very Nouice of this Houſe of Cley: Venery?
If I but hug thee hard, I ſhow the worſt on't
'Tis all the fruit we haue here after ſupper,
Nay, at the Ruines of the Nunnerie once
Six thouſand Infants heads found in a fiſh-pond,
Wh.D. How?
B. K. I, how? how came they thither thinke you?
Huldrick Biſhop of Ausberge in's Epiſtle
To *Nicholas* the firſt, can tell you how,
May be he was at cleanſing of the pond;
I can but ſmile to thinke, how it would puzzell
All Mother-Maides that euer liu'd in thoſe parts,
To know their owne Childs head, but is this all?
Bl. D. Are you ours yet?
Wh. Kni. One more and I am ſilenc'd
But this that comes now, will diuide vs queſtionles
'Tis ten times, ten times worſe, then the fore-runners.
B. Kni. Is it ſo vil'd there is no name ordain'd for't?
Toades haue their Titles, and creation gaue
Serpents, and Adders, thoſe names to be knowne by,
Wh K. This of all others beares the hidden'ſt venome
The ſmoothеſt poiſon: I am an arch-diſſembler (Sir)
Bl. Kni. How?
W. Kni. 'Tis my Natures bran'd: turne from me Sir
The time is yet to come that ere I ſpoake
What my heart meant.
Bl. Kni. And call you that a vice?
Auoid all prophanation, I beſeech you
The onely prime State vertue vpon earth
The pollicie of Empires: oh take heed (Sir)
For feare it take diſpleaſure, and forſake you;
'Tis like a Iewell of that pretious vale
Whoſe worthe's not knowne but to the skilfull Lapidarie.
The Inſtrument that picks o'pe Princes hearts
And locks vp ours from them, with the ſame motion,

You neuer came ſo nere our Soules as now.
Bl. D. Now you are a Brother to vs.
Bl. Kni. What we haue done
Hath bin diſſemblance euer.
Wh. K. There you lye then
And the Game's ours: We giue thee Check-mate, by
Diſcouerie, (King) the Nobleſt Mate of all.
Bl. Kni. I am loſt, I am taken.
Wh. Kni. Ambitious, Couetous, Luxurious, Falſhood.
Wh. D. Diſſembler includes all.
Bl. K. All hop's confounded.
Bl. Q. Miſerable condition.
Enter White King Queene, Biſhop Pawne.
Wh. K. Oh let me bleſſe mine Armes with this deere Trea-
Truths glorious Maſter Peice; See (Queen of ſweenes) (ſure
Hee's in my Boſome, ſafe; and this faire Structure
Of comely Honour his true bleſs'd Aſſiſtant.
Wh. Q. May their Integrities euer poſſes
That powerfull Sanctuarie.
Wh. K. As tw'as a Game (Sir)
Won with much hazard,
So with much more Triumph,
I gaue him Check Mate by diſcouerie (Sir)
Wh. K. Obſcuritie is now the fitteſt fauour
Falſhood can ſue for: It well ſuits Perdition
'Tis their beſt courſe that ſo haue loſt their Fame,
To put their heads, into the Bagge for ſhame
And there behold the Bags mouth (like hel) opēs
To take her due: and the loſt Sonnes appeare,
Gredily gaping for encreaſe of followſhip,
The Bagge opens the Bl. Side it it.
In infamy the laſt deſire of wretches
Aduancing their perdition branded fore-heads
Like Enuies iſſue, or a Bed of Snakes.
Bl. B. p. Ti's too apparant, the Game's loſt, King's taken.
Fat B. The white Houſe hath giuen vs the Bag (I thank 'em)
Ieſt. P. They had need giue you a whole Bag by your ſelfe
This Blacke Biſhop hath ſo ouer-laid me
So quelch'd and ſqueiz'd mee, I haue no Verjuyce
Left in me, you ſhall finde all my Goodnes
If you looke for't in the bottome of the Bagge.
Fat B. Thou Malepart Pawne

The Biſhop muſt haue Rome, he will haue Rome,
And Roome to lye at pleaſure.
Ieſt. P. All the Bag I thinke
Is roome too ſcant for your Spalletto Paunch.
Bl. B.p. Downe Viper of our Order, I abhorre thee,
Thou ſhowe thy whoriſh front?
Bl. Q.P. Yes (Monſter Holines)
Wh. K. Contention in the Pit? is Hell deuided?
Wh. K. You had need haue ſome of Maieſtie and power
To keepe good rule amongſt you: make roome Biſhop.
Fat B. I am not eaſily mou'd when I am once ſet,
I ſcorne to ſtirre for any Knig on Earth.
Fat B. Here comes the Queene what ſay you then to her?
Wh. Q. Indeed a Queene may make a Biſhop ſtirre
Wh. K. Roome for the mightieſt Machiuall Polititian
That euer the Diuell hatch'd of a Nuns-egge.
Fat B. Hee'l pecke a hole in the Bagge and get out ſhortly
I 'em ſure to be the laſt man that creepes out
And thats the miſerie of greatnes euer.
Wh. D. Roome for a ſun-burn'd, Tanzey fac'd belou'd,
An Olife coloured *Ganimed:* and thats all
Thats worth the Begging.
Fat B. Crow'd in all you can
The Biſhop will be ſtill vppermoſt man
Maugre King, Queene, or Polititian.
Wh. K. So let the Bagge cloſe now (the fitteſt wombe
For Treacherie, Pride, and falſhohd, whilſt we winner like)
Diſtroying through Heauens power, what would diſtroy.
Welcome our White Knight with lowd peales of Ioy.

Epilogue.

MY Miſtris (the White Queene) hath ſent me forth
And bad me bow thus lowe to all of worth,
That are true Friends of the White Houſe and Cauſe,
Which She hopes moſt of this aſſembly drawes.
For any elſe, by Enuies marke deuoted,
To thoſe Night Glow-wormes in the Bagge denoted
Where ere they ſit, ſtand, or in priuate lurke
They'l be ſoone knowne by their depraying worke,
But She's aſſur'd, what they'le commit to Bayne
Her White Friends ha[illegible]is will build vp faire againe.